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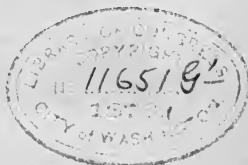
Lissie E. Close.

HOME POEMS.

BY

MRS. LISSIE E. CLOSE.

33



CHICAGO AND CLEVELAND:
WALTER E. WELLMAN, PUBLISHER.

1876.

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PREFACE.

TO CLEVELAND READERS :

WITH THESE

HOME POEMS

RECEIVE THE

ASSURANCE OF THE AUTHOR

THAT, IF IN

THE CLEVELAND HOMES

WHICH THEY MAY ENTER,

ONE HEART IS CHEERED,

OR

ONE SAD HOUR MADE MORE SUNNY

BY THEM,

HER FONDEST DESIRE

WILL BE GRATIFIED.

L. E. C.

Cleveland, October 23, 1876.



Cleveland Poems.

Dearest thoughts that earth can give
Oft in simple rhymes do live,
Yielding pleasure rare and sweet,
That many a leisure moment greet.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FOREST CITY.

Ah, beautiful city, long and wide,
Of each loyal heart an honest pride,
Thou sits so queen-like amid thy peers,
Mature in graces for thy years.

Encircling thee are broad domains
Of fertile fields and varied grains;
The dotting farm-house and thriving town,
Thy hills and dales with beauty crown.

And waving forest with echoing song,
Where crystal streams glide swift along
Near verdant vales, whose emerald hue
Yields varied scenery, rich and new.

Here fruit and flowers, by careful hands
Bedeck our homes, bestrew our lands.
East, west, and south, industry yields
Its golden wealth from grove and fields.

While at thy feet the rolling tide
Of Erie's wave doth proudly ride,
And o'er thy head the ethereal blue
Gives richest tint to sunset hue.

Home Poems.

Health sits enthroned within thy midst,
By purest breezes gently kissed,
That paint the radiance of her cheek
In loving tints that volumes speak.

Our Eastern cities may proudly boast
Of foreign commerce o'er ocean coast,
And count their guests from every clime;
But none more truly great than thine.

May rear their public buildings high,
In parks and drives thee far out-vie.
But thy far-famed pride, thy grand avenue—
Unexcelled are the beauties it affords in
review.

Our Western sisters may precedence claim
In external resource from land and main;
Through ambition's zeal some may o'errate
The total numbers their census make.

But in beauty, health, and steady growth,
Refinement, genius, and solid worth,
None can outstrip thee on the continuous
chain

That unites Pacific with Atlantic's main.

For here within thy borders rise
Taste, talent, genius that the world might
prize ;

Our Beautiful Forest City.

And from thy colleges issue forth
In *Materia Medica* the greatest worth.

Thy schools and colleges of business, art,
Hold each its rank of noble part,
While churches of every creed and name
Their theories teach, their forms maintain.

Here contentment rests with folded wing,
While youth and beauty tribute bring
From lonely cot and mansion great,
Where peace sits lone or reigns in state.

Oh, in thy bounds are music, mirth,
And other joys of transient earth,
And pure, true hearts that brightly shine,
Like sparkling gems of golden mine.

Though wrong and sin may here abound,
Oh, where on earth are they not found ?
We fain would look from them away,
And aid the hands their course to stay.

Ah, dear art thou, oh city fair,
And in our hearts no peer is there ;
We love thy beauties, for we know
Beauty feeds love in hearts below.

Home Poems.

ICE BOUND.*

November winds, so drear and chill,
Have frozen the waters of the lake ;
And all the sails her commerce fill,
Haste a safe haven to make.

How sadly changed is Erie's wave,
With its brilliant hue and clear white foam;
Now the Northern blast comes sweeping o'er
The broad expanse, deserted and lone.

Naught remains of the buoyant tide,
The summer zephyrs and the azure sky.
On the lonely crib two watchers abide,
Peering without when the storm is nigh.

No more need they trim the beacon light,
To guide the mariner brave,
When gathers the fog or darkens the night,
And the dashing billows rave.

For piled like mountains high in air,
Full twenty feet or more,
Are those great icebergs, driven there,
The wind and waves before.

Ice Bound.

Oh, sad indeed to those watching ones
Is this long and terrible night,
When rocked is their house to foundation
stones,
Mid shrieking wind and darkened light.

And the iron armor that covers the walls
On its smooth exterior plane,
Yields to masses that mightily maul,
And twice is rent in twain.

The hours of darkness are fearful and long,
When Hope sat clothed in sable array,
Repeating the strains of that terrible song
The storm god muttered in absence of day.

Ah ! what direful fate could with this com-
pare,
Should his ghost-like threats prove true;
And the helping hands, where, oh, where,
Or the eye their death to view !

For to them from that ice-bound shore
There comes no welcome form
Who dares the dangers to explore,
Though hushed is the raging storm.

Yon city lights may brightly gleam
From eminence and hight.

Home Poems.

And myriad lips may quaff the stream
Their courageous watch keeps right.

Yet would they spend one single thought,
Or breathe one pitying sigh
For those whose daily lives are fraught
With danger ever nigh ?

Euclid's wealth, or Superior's mart,
And Ontario's busy din,
But lightly heed the storm-king's dart
That penetrates within.

But at last the light of morning breaks,
When brighter grows the morn ;
And milder sounds the blast that quakes
When of its might 'tis shorn.

Oh, what a load of terrors lose
Their tightly-riven hold,
When light of day forebodings soothe
And hopes the heart enfold !

Wau Lee.

WAU LEE.

If an afternoon's walk you chance to take,
In a pleasant street running from the lake,
The busy crowd to see,
In looking round use the proper heed,
Some curious signs you may chance to read—
Among them the name, Wau Lee.

No doubt you may wonder how it came,
This hanging sign of celestial name,
And ask how this can be:
Why this almond-eyed and pig-tailed race,
Are dwellers of this western place,
And write this sign, Wau Lee.

Yes, nine from the Oriental sphere,
At the washtub day by day appear,
And this is why you see
This simple sign that of their presence tells.
But would you know how John from the law
rebels,
Read the story of Wau Lee.

The cause of trouble was a replevin case,
Tried by a Justice of the Peace,
And very small the fee;

Home Poems.

But he refused the debt to pay,
And all the officer could say
Did not move Sir Wau Lee.

And to treat him then as he deserved
The execution was ordered served
For to collect the fee;
Seize what property they could find,
Whate'er it be, of movable kind,
That belonged to Wau Lee.

A detective and a constable brave,
Well armed, were sent to stem the wave
Of this Asiatic sea,
Thinking that pistol and bowie knife
Would fright the natives' timid life—
Especially of Wau Lee.

With sweating brows and bodies bent,
On cleaning linen they were intent,
To make it clean and "shinee;"
When, looking up they the officer saw,
Coolie heard, unmixed with awe,
This execution on Wau Lee.

The only reply the Chinese made,
After calmly asking what was said,
"Chineeman do no suchee."
Then hearing that to pay they must,
And what they must might do at first,
Cried, "At all no doee Wau Lee."

Wau Lee.

Persuasion was all in vain:
With lowering brow all yelled the same,
 “*No! damee! we no payee!*”
And in force for fight arrayed,
Fierce onslaught at once they made—
 Eight, and Wau Lee.

The detective grasped his bowie knife,
The constable bravely fought for life
 Amid the enraged Chinese.
While hot flats flew like showers of hail
Or grape-shot on the iron'd mail,
 Hurled by the arm of Wau Lee.

The battle was waged to a bitter end
By the allied Chinese with the detective and
 friend,
 And the end was plain to see:
Down at the station house repentance was
 made,
And the fees and fines were reluctantly paid
 By the sadder but wiser Wau Lee.

The enforcers of the law will ne'er forget
The strange reception that they met
 By the enraged Chinese;
Unarmored never again will bear
The hurling storm of iron ware,
 Commanded by Wau Lee.

Home Poems.

THE POLICEMAN.*

No kindly star above him gleams,
To cheer, as wont, with radiant beams
 Each shadowy nook of his lonely round.
The flickering gas of the frequented street
Reveals no passing form to greet
 With an ever-pleasing sound.

Ah, cold and bitter is the blast,
Dark and drear the sky's o'ercast
 By gray, grim clouds of storm-land born;
Unheard through the fearful tempest's roll
Is the friendly bell whose tones do toll
 The slow passing hours till morn.

Ah, in *his* home is a downy bed,
An unpressed pillow for his weary head,
 Awaiting his return.
And longing hearts and listening ears
Are wishing now his steps to hear,
 And smile at each sound they discern.

He's been in their thoughts both early and
 late,
All the long hours since he closed the gate
 And echoed his dear good-bye;

The Policeman.

Since he took his basket on his arm,
Went out from home so light and warm,
Where sweetest pleasures lie.

While others have slept he has faithful been;
Safe and secure they were within
Those costly mansions grand,
Unmindful of him who with aching feet
And weary limbs on his nightly beat,
Did a watchful sentinel stand.

Will they do him all the good they can,
Ever treat him like a brother man,
If he should need their aid?
Or shrug their shoulders and pass along
Repeating the oft repeated song,
He's by the city paid.

If such great good by suffering done
Can be repaid by city fund,
Then he has his lawful due;
But if what you would, do you to them,
Is the golden rule from God to men,
Then other pay he expects to view.

Home Poems.

SERENADE.*

What is that strain that floats on the moon-
lit air,

Just as heart and thought forget their care,
Lulled by slumber's soft embrace?

Like an Æolian harp touched by violet dew,
Yields sweetest joy when evening tide is new,
And silence' magic all grosser sounds efface.

No rowing Gondolier off fair Adriatic's shore
More sweetly trilled his lay, more lightly
dipped his oar,

'Neath castle's quiet midnight shade,
Than played these German sons of art.
Their echoing notes of beauteous part,
As through our streets their visits made.

We see not, know not whence the charms,
Feel but the ecstatic bliss that warms,

Till out of the ideal realms there float
Myriads of worshipers at the Goddess' call
To drink the sweetness of the notes that fall
On loving ears from many a throat.

Serenade.

Gladly we take the proffered wand—
The spell sublime none can withstand,
 Whate'er the race or clime.

While we reject thy form of life,
Mode of rule in peace or strife,
 We revere thy art divine.

So pipe your song, both sad and gay,
The Heavenly reigns 'neath Music's play,
 And links the soul to God;
As lovely flowers 'neath melting snow,
Spring upwards to the sunshine's glow,
 Yet clinging to the dark'ning sod.

Bring forth from street to street your notes
That sweetly charm as th' harmony floats
 Through many a sleeper's home;
Long may they sing in echoing strain,
Till holy thoughts supremely claim
 Their right to rule, and roam.

THE AERIAL FLIGHT.*

Fifty thousand anxious faces
Watched with earnest, gazing eye,
At the huge monster's netted traces,
Whose flight was destined for the sky.

Saw it swaying, tugging, battling,
Like a behemoth bound in chain,
Proud, disdaining such rude ratlin,
Though savoring of the billowy main.

Saw its silken texture glisten
In the reflective, golden ray,
Like its namesake's proud mane bristle,
As if in wild chase held at bay.

Reaching, towering, high it stood,
In altitude so grand,
That men, like weeds in forest wood
Beside the ash, in stature stand.

But look! its freight is all aboard,
Its passengers en route;
They cut the straining, pulling cord:
We rise with echoing shout.

The Aerial Flight.

Up! up! like any living creature,
It rises in the azure space,
Till smaller grows each upturned feature,
And waving hand that pointing, trace.

Above the tree-tops, spires of churches,
We float from earth set free,
Gently fanned by cooling breezes,
That fill this great, unmeasured sea.

We breathe the pure, elastic fluid,
That faster makes life's current flow;
Our spirits rise, hot breath grows humid,
No fear or dread our strong hearts know.

Buoyant, exultant, we upward glide,
Beneath the air-ship's sway,
Expectant, joyous, onward ride,
Far, far above where home joys lay.

Oh! the beauty and the grandeur,
That bursts on eager eye;
Below, the far extending verdure,
Above, around, the wondrous sky.

Here we see the dotting hamlets,
The winding stream, the crystal tide,
While just beyond the city's maplets,
With clustering vales and hills beside.

Home Poems.

First admiration, then joy and wonder
Surge and commingle into one,
As earth becomes a mere speck under
The floating current and the lucid sun.

Far now below, the feathered songster,
With spreading wing divides the air,
And waymarks to our guiding *voyageur*
Are undetermined, mystic, rare.

Ride on proud ship; thy changing course,
By counter winds now driven,
Our jotting pen shall glad rehearse,
When we safe descend the haven.

Inventive genius, practiced skill,
Do gauge thy upward flight;
But ah! how tame seems human will,
In this great, spacious night.

For inky darkness envelopes now—
Clouds, stars, and voidless space
Enshrouding our ship's light, floating prow,
And companion's friendly face.

Nor dare we strike the welcome light,
But trace with careful touch,
The hands that point the hour of night,
And glean relief from such.

The Aerial Flight.

Some moments are in life so long,
One single night minds live an age;
So fast the crowding fancies throng,
A second's thought would fill a page.

Hark ! what sound, what danger near !
The drag-line's in the water drawn;
Are we so near a watery bier,
And darkness kept it all unknown?

Ah ! who can tell what dangers lie,
Where darkness spreads its pall?
Unless 'twere given omniscient eye,
To pierce through all in all.

Above the cloud, beneath the wave,
Deep in earth's subterraneous womb,
Ambitious spirits, daring, brave,
Nor tremble at the fears to come.

But who that wish mysteries' sheen
To wrap their lives in mist,
So tidings none can truly glean,
If wilds receive or dark waves hiss.

Oh ! earthly part, how dear the wish
For friendly heart to shed
A parting look, a lingering kiss,
On this loved temple, dead.

Home Poems.

But joy is ours : Up, up we rise,
Saved from the watery deep ;
And with our fears the darkness flies,
While o'er broad earth again we sweep

We see but faintly; but even this
Bids every life-pulse quickly throb ;
Let forest trees us hold or miss,
We are o'er the firm old sod.

We anchor now, held firm and fast,
By wild old forest tree ;
With thankful hearts descend at last —
Farewell, old ship, to thee !



Got No Money.

GOT NO MONEY.*

Though to be poor is no disgrace,
Makes all things seem so out of place,
 Ridiculous and funny;
And to see what's lovely to our sight
Give place to things of oddest plight,
 Because we've got no money!

All things lovely are not dross,
We love some glitter and some gloss,
 As well as bees love honey;
And to see them just within our grasp,
'Tis hard to always let them pass,
 Because we've got no money!

To eke and scrimp, and pinch and save,
And carry a front both bold and brave,
 And always to look sunny,
Is not quite so small a task
As many a millionaire would ask,
 If he had got no money!

And then to rack our feeble brain,
To turn and mend, and turn again,
 So not to look a dummy;

Home Poems.

Is not more pleasing to our eyes
Than soapsuds are to drowning flies,
When for poison we've got no money!

No matter how many holes you meet
Before descending to the feet,
They'll hold at least a mummy;
For so he'll rate you—he who knows
That you're obliged to wear old clothes
Because you've got no money!

Then if your larder is getting thin,
Keep on your face the usual grin,
Pretend it is all hunkey;
Let no guest or friend perceive
That you only make believe,
When you are minus money!

But joy it is for the unpaid to know
There is a city—not here below—
Bright, beautiful and sunny;
Where he needeth not the public pelf
To beautify and adorn himself,
Though he has got no money!

Cleveland's Welcome to 1876.

CLEVELAND'S WELCOME TO
1876.

Halls, depots, churches, dwellings,
Business houses one blaze of light ;
Myriad faces in the gas-light beaming,
On this centennial night.

Decorations tastefully drape
The emblems of our nation's youth,
That fill the halls of our city's state.
Uniting age with loyal truth.

Parks o'erflowing, gay hearts cheering,
Music swelling joyful mirth,
Nought but gladness when disappearing
Is the ninety-ninth veteran from our earth.

For—hark ! a greater now is coming !
Hear the notes his advent sing.
Hark ! the cannons loudly booming,
To join the bells his welcome ring.

Louder, louder grows the welcome,
Whistles screaming forth a din ;
Great must be the event, and seldom,
That such pandemonium ushers in.

Home Poems.

Ears grow deafened, senses wildering,
Crazed and stunned the brain ;
Thought stands still in dazed wondering—
Shall we ever hear again ?

Ever hear so great an advent
In our peaceful, quiet homes ?
Ever wish for such an event,
Before another century comes ?



The Juvenile Three Thousand.

THE JUVENILE THREE
THOUSAND.

In the morning air three thousand voices
Beautifully sweet, rang merrily out—
Three thousand chubby little hands
Banners wave at each glad shout.

Louder than the loudest drum-beat,
Clearer than the clarion note,
Sounds this music-trilling echo,
From softly warbling throat.

Not a lingering cadence breaking
The sweet, harmonious song,
Not a discordant strain is grating
The notes their words prolong.

But one grand, one joyful chorus
Bursts upon the listening ear,
Like a sea of sound before us,
Lending mighty music's cheer.

As though a thousand softest echoes
Mingled, melted into one ;
With all the richness, sweetness, greatness,
Æolian chords had rung.

A century's advent, no fitter tribute
For nation's boon could crave,

Home Poems.

Nor potent ruler of kingdom regent
A mightier wand could wave.

America ! proud America !
The pride and wonder of the world !
A hundred years of changing days
Have seen thy banner furled.

But none can yield thee greater homage,
Be they king or royal sage,
Than these dear infant songsters,
Whose patriotic chorus wage.

These are thy future rulers,
The nation's very own —
The brain, the muscle, sinew,
The marrow and the bone.

These the present, past and future,
Shall unite in greater strength,
And fondly, truthfully nurture
Our bounded Union's length.—

Shall fill the council chamber,
The highest seats of State,
Be subject, judge and member
Of nation grand and great —

Shall teach the coming thousands
That will hail centennial year,
When these list'ning, loving numbers
Shall lie beneath the bier.

Soft Coal.

SOFT COAL.

“Oh, dear me !” said a country lass,
As o’er her soiled dress she made to pass
Her hand of whitest mould.

“I don’t see how you ever stand
To be by constant breezes fanned,
Filled with this nasty, dirty coal.

“I know I would never wish to stay
In such a place more than a day.
And *always* live ! Ah, my soul !
I know I never *could* such filth endure,
Of that I am most truthfully sure;
I *hate* this dirty, nasty coal.

“Just look at this black, dirty suit—
’T would more become the grunting brute
That in the mire doth roll,
Than go to form a lady’s dress,
Whose feet the side-walks daily press,
Through this dirty, nasty coal.”

“Oh, mercy !” said an aged dame,
Whose hands had shook and shook again
The falling dust that stole

Home Poems.

Like a dark veil on her prim waist,
Till like a diver she was encased
In this dirty, nasty coal.

“Make this my home ! stay here a year !
Ah ! No ! my dear friends needn’t fear;
I wouldn’t live in such a hole.
For though endowed with natural sight,
I ne’er could tell what’s black from white
In this dirty, nasty coal.”

“Oh, goodness ! What a plight !” the
mother said;
“You be on the cars, to-morrow, Fred,
When homeward we will roll.
From overcoat to undershirt
Your best suit’s besmeared with dirt
From this dirty, nasty coal.

“Do pin your vest to keep it clean,
And your shirt bosom fit to be seen—
You’re like a dirty mole.
Hands all grim and face the same,
I wonder where in *conscience* name
You *got* that dirty, nasty coal.”

If one were to tell all the words that drop,
For very breath one’d have to stop,
For one hundredth of the whole

Soft Coal.

Of angry epithets of cruel rage
Would fill a book of many a page,
All of this dirty, nasty coal.

One cannot blame the anger, quite,
Of these loving ones of cleanly sight,
For there's not a nook or knoll,
Or pleasant mound with verdure spread,
Or e'en a dwelling of the dead
But bears the trace of this nasty coal.—

There's not a tree, or flower, or shrub,
Or crack through which an ant can rub
Or squeeze into a hole,
But thither borne by the passing air,
Like powdered charcoal settled there,
Is this dirty, nasty coal.

There's not a church or steeple tall,
Or poor man's hut, however small,
Where dwells a human soul ;
Or costlier mansion, with labor framed,
But finds its walls besmeared and stained
With this dirty, nasty coal.

Or if your linen pure have made,
And fast to dry on the line arrayed,
Propped by the ever ready pole,

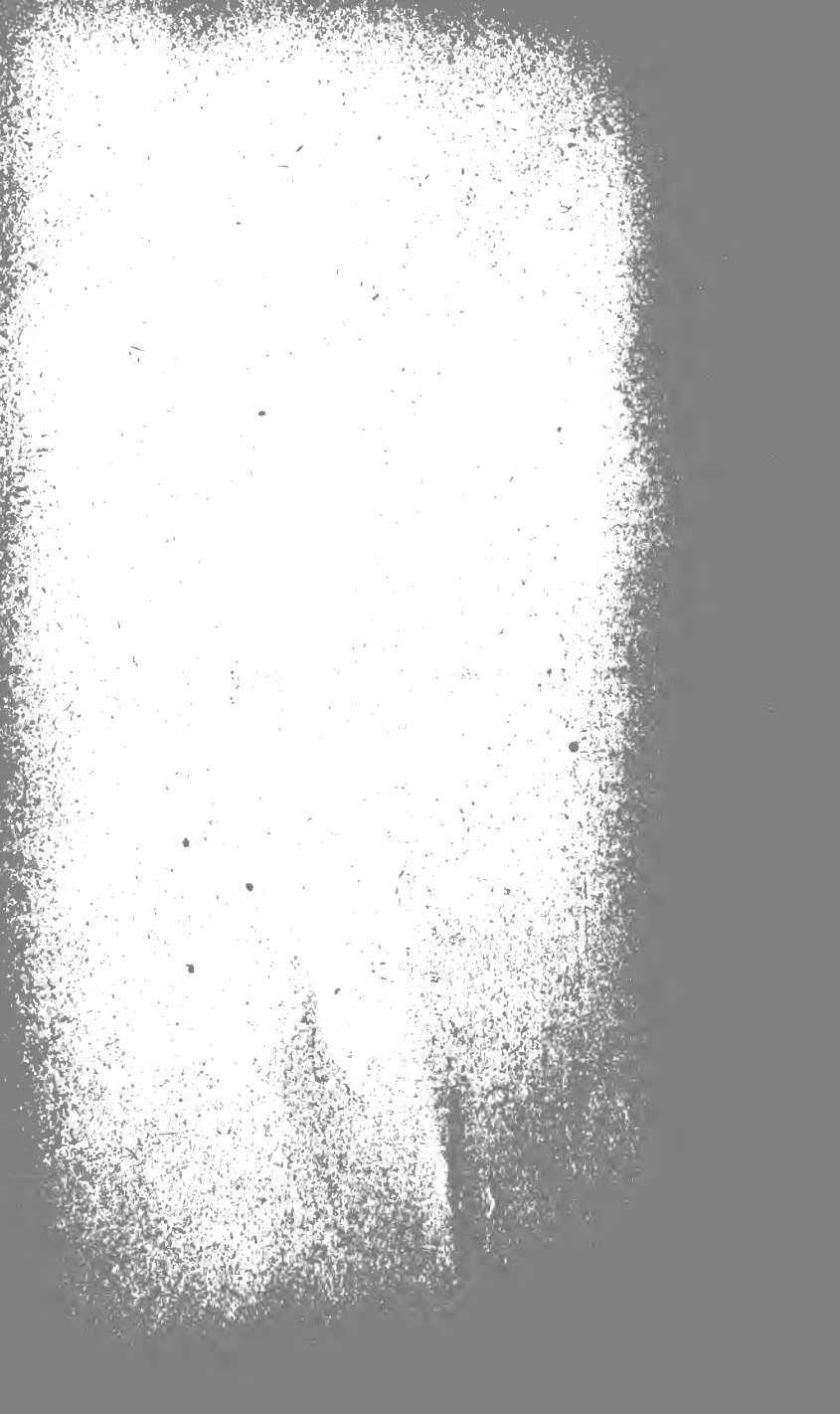
Home Poems.

You'll find in vain your toil and care,
Because the torment has been there—
This dirty, smutty coal.

And when you take your gayest ride,
With wife and daughter at your side,
And play the gentleman's *role*,
You'll have to visit a sequestered land
To find that face and dress and hand
Are free from this dirty, nasty coal.



Miscellaneous Poems.



Here a cluster, there a shell,
Many a pleasing memory tell—
Gleaned from off life's rugged beach,
That sometimes sweetest thought may teach.

Variety forms the sum of life ;
In pleasure, pain, in joy, or strife,
Each beauty heightens at lesser joys,
Each grief decreases when change annoys.



A Broken Heart.

A BROKEN HEART.

“There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die :
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor upon the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.”

LONGFELLOW.

Pensively and quietly she sat,
With folded hands and downcast eye ;
The fading touch of two-score years
Tracing its lines o'er her pale, clear brow.
Surrounded was she by various forms,
Not younger nor fairer than herself,
Whose daily presence she heeded not,
Nor attention gave to the many words
Their wandering thoughts might utter.
She was a pauper and a maniac,
Who came and went, ate and slept,
Yet never word of welcome gave
To those whose care supplied her daily need ;
Persuasion or threats were alike
Unheeded by her listening ear,
For ever and anon her bony hands
Hung drooping or listless at her side :
She slowly raised them as token of response
To the strongest and most touching appeal

Home Poems.

Her poor beclouded senses could grasp ;
And a pale, sickly smile
Stole o'er that thin, wan face,
Like the glimmer of a winter sun,
Whose dull, white light
Saddened as its presence cheered ;
Yet in those sad, blue eyes
There beamed a tender sweetness,
That touched the beholder's heart
With a pitying love, and thrilled through the
soul

Like a plaintive strain of some far-off music
Borne to the ear by the evening breeze.
But when the sun's bright, golden ray
Had touched with its farewell kiss
All the resplendent beauties of Nature,
And left them to their nightly repose,
And the twilight's glimmering sweetness
Wrapt that strange family group
In its summer stillness, she silently sought
Her bare, cell-like room, whose rude portals
Shut out from her gaze all save self.
Then a low, murmuring sound came forth,
Like the words of a strange rehearsal—
Thoughts too deep for tongue to utter,
Save where no human ear could hear—
Thoughts whose closed casket nought but
memory's key,

A Broken Heart.

In the quiet evening hour, could open.
And as each garment carefully aside was laid,
Her eye heeded not the labor,
But seemed to gaze far back in the vista of
 years,
To that bright Elysian of her life
Whose saddened glory could never die,
Though nought to her now was left
But the bitter, yet sweet remembrance
Of its lost possession.
The present and the future alike to her
Made no impress on her bewildered brain—
But list to her low murmurings,
If ye would find the hidden spring
That unlocks this grief-wound mystery !

In a rural home, blest by parental hearts,
Whose affectionate fondness constant be-
 stowed
Jpon the child of their love
Their tenderest care and solicitude,
Dwelt a young and pretty maiden,
To whom life was yet a beautiful dream,
Without a shadow of real sorrow
To mar the glamour of its brightness ;
As the bee sweets daily gathers
From every fragrant flower,

Home Poems.

So she, from God and Nature pure,
Gathered of daily joy a brimming cup,
Filling her home with happiness' song,
And around her the hearts of loved ones
 gladdening
With love's sweet musical trill ;
While youthful imaginations glowed
With Fancy's ideal pictures,
Giving softest coloring to the scenes
That anticipation's most vivid pen
Could on her young mind paint.

The bright summer of her life passed on,
Radiant with happy song and mirth—
And, as she plucked rich garlands
From Hope's sweet, shady bowers,
There came a listener to her song,
Who drank the fairy music,
While his heart enjoyed the sunshine
Which her presence ever cast.
He found no trouble in approaching her,
For heart speaks to heart a deep and silent
 language,
Which eyes alone can interpret,
When outward semblance smoothly seems,
And fair and pure whate'er the tongue doth
 utter.
And he had the robe of God's messenger

A Broken Heart.

Draped loosely round his outward virtues,
Which concealed from view the inner man ;
And in his presence she learned to wait,
And bask in sweet, confiding trust ;
Each joy was heightened when he the sharer
 was,
Each pastime that his wisdom disapproved
Its charm for her all lost ;
And the cup of happiness, just raised
To her expectant lips,
Seemed filled with nectar the gods might
 drain,
And deem it fitting drink.

The future, with its plans, was all mapped
 out
Upon her quick and ready brain ;
Her troth was plighted, and it needed
But those few short words
To make reality of that bright dream
Of which her sleep and waking hours
Were ever filled ; notched in her future
Was the day, the place, the hour,
His trusted wisdom had directed,
And already she in fancy saw
The gathered multitude, with expectant
 looks,
Sit 'neath the leafy forest bower,

Home Poems.

While the early autumn breezes rustled
Their sweet music 'mid the lofty branches
That sheltered from the sultry sun
Those devout worshipers ; and, in fancy,
Her quick ear caught the solemn
Yet joyful words that reverently fell
From devout lips—words that formed
The crowning point where love's radii center.
She saw the winding path that wound its way
Through the flowery vale of life,
And felt the air, the breath, the touch
Of him whose every sorrow she was to lighten,
Whose every pleasure share,
Till ripe old age or death's untimely mes-
senger
Should summon home one to await,
On those Elysian fields, the other's coming.

But when, ere the glad hour was nigh,
Sickness had laid its wasting hand,
And the dark angel brooded near,
Ready to grasp and bear from their embrace
One of the dear inmates of their home,
Her loving care sorely was needed:
As day by day she fanned the fevered brow,
Or pressed with affectionate tenderness
The dainty morsel, or the cooling cup,
How could she forget those binding ties

A Broken Heart.

Where love, duty, and affection claimed
Her welcome presence ?
Thus with many a sigh and thought of him,
The dearest idol of her heart,
And many a wish for his approval
Of her unkept promise at the nuptial hour,
The memorable day passed by,
And still no tidings came,
No anxious, loving message,
Begging the cause of her absence
Soon to know. And the noontide sun,
Nor evening's dim twilight shadows,
Reflected no glimpse of his near approach.
In sadness and in double grief,
Dragged by the hours of those weary days,
Till, by chance, on Rumor's tongue
Was borne to her ear the heartless tale:
He the idol of her trusting heart,
The very soul of manliness and honor,
Neither sighed nor waited for her coming,
Nor trusted to her truthfulness or love,
But, at the appointed hour, led to the altar
Another than herself.

Oh ! dreadful sorrow, yet in silence borne,
While the bitterness of her vanished dream,
The ruin of her shattered hopes,
The anguish of her wounded love and confidence,

Home Poems.

Incessant gnawed at her very vitals,
And made her weary brain reel
With deep, benumbing sensations;
And melancholy sadness sat,
Still and mute, upon her pensive brow;
And when the dread angel had loosed his
hold,

Joy returned not to that bereaved household,
For the fairest flower of their home
Was daily drooping and fading before them ;
Gradually a settled gloom was gathering
Which no cheering words could dispel.

* * * * *

The sun the western hills was bathing
In its bright, golden splendor;
The beautiful forest, dark and shadowy,
Amid the dense low foliage
Which the sun's fast receding rays
Could not at the sunset hour penetrate,
Echoed with the notes of birds, or resounded
With the treading hoof, ringing through the
leafy bower,
As the grazing flock or herd
Snapped the dry twigs 'neath their advancing feet;

'Twas then the homelike wayside inn,—
Whose blue smoke majestic'ly curled
And blended with the soft, golden atmosphere

A Broken Heart.

That surrounded it like a misty veil,—
To the tired beast and the weary traveler
Formed a picture of welcome sweetness;
And the glow on the lady's cheek,
Just emerging into brightness,
Seemed to partake of the surrounding hue,
And give to the picture an accessory
Beautiful and full of meaning;
The father's eye joyfully beamed
With gratified pleasure
At sight of the returning spirits
Of this, his treasured daughter.
And the loosened rein, and the welcome halt
To the hungry beast was heard—
All seemed anticipating the rest
With hearty zeal and unconcealed pleasure.
But an advancing carriage checked
The current of their joyful thoughts,
As they carelessly turned to note its passing;
Then a scarcely audible name was uttered
That turned the father's gaze to the sitter at
his side :

Pallid and motionless she sat,
Like one paralyzed in thought and frame,
While the saddened look plainly told
The name that she had breathed.
The beautiful sunset was quick followed
By a dark and cheerless night

Home Poems.

To the anxious and almost despairing father;
And the home, left with brilliant hopes,
And sanguine, bright expectations,
Beheld them return, sad and despairing.

And now, as the last lingering hope
To which their anxious hearts could cling
Loomed up in their future's horizon
With its cold, chilling walls,
Arose the poor maniac's asylum,
And with it this harrowing reality,—
Their daughter insane—insane !
While her silent voice, and dreamy eye,
And a sad, pitiful look
Gave back to their stricken hearts
The echoing cry, insane—insane !

* * * * *

Seven long years had on Time's dial
Their shadowy rounds successive cast,
And yet she dwelt the same,
Poor, harmless maniac;
While the learned within those walls
Bore the sad tidings to the waiting ones—
Insane, hopelessly insane !
And the hope for long, long years,
Feebly, but fondly cherished, died—
Perished from out those stricken hearts.

* * * * *

A Broken Heart.

But change, and death's dark wing
Hovered o'er that once happy household,
Fanned with misfortune's withering breath,
Though the intervening years the tidings
 succeeding
Brought neither pain nor woe to her.

And as she nightly lives o'er that long ago—
Views the old and yellowed garment
Which was to be her bridal robe,
With murmurings in her quiet solitude—
Her poor emaciated form carefully arrayed,
She little knows that Time has toyed
With the rich auburn of her flowing tress
That now, closely cut, betokens the pauper's
 garb,
And that he has stolen the freshness from
 her cheek,
And that death's wedlock alone
Will form that long-looked-for union,
And a pauper's grave, with its wooden slab,
Will mark her resting place,
When she dons the long-kept robe
For the bridal robe of death.

WHAT THEN ?

Suppose we could realize all the dreams
That rush through our brain, like mighty
men
Grasp each known good that sparkling
gleams
'Neath soft sunlight, What then?

And if to sate our desires and our fancy
please,
Could cull the richest products of every
glen,
In their enjoyments our appetites appease,
Would still echo the query, What then?

If we could a Raphael or a Titian's honor
gain,
Or taste the eloquence from Holland's pen,
Or vie with Milton, in a grander strain,
Would still a cry repeat, What then?

Could cast the wealth of Astor, or of Stew-
art at our feet,
With all the gold and diamonds that be-
gem

What Then?

And et ceteras that a millionaire complete,
Would it hush the words, What then?

Could we the beauty of Cleopatra own,
And youth its charms for ages lend,
Would we accept the wondrous loan
And whisper not, What then?

Had we the realms and kingly power,
With any number, multiplied by ten,
Would there not come an anxious hour
And a murmuring voice, What then?

Could we our destiny always plan,
And reap the joys that would attend,
Would the world know one happier man
Who whispered not, What then?

When all the God-like in this earthly sphere
Shall quit this mortal glen,
Then, human ear shall cease to hear
The ever-ringing cry, What then?

Home Poems.

MY FATHER.

Ah! yes, ah! yes, I see him now,
The sire of our early days,
With folded hands and peaceful brow,
As he watched our childish plays;
I hear his voice, though years have fled,
Since the gentle echoes died away,
And tree, and root, and flower all dead,
Have passed into decay.

I see his large and manly form,
Strong with vigorous life,
The ruddy glow upon his cheek,
Brought there by toil and strife;
I see the evening shadows fall,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
And listen to his well known call,
As in the days of yore.

I feel the pressure of his hand,
When those evening shadows fall,
And with eager, childish steps we ran—
We, brothers, sisters, all—

My Father.

To be the first to get a clasp,
Of that dear loving one,
And listen to the questions asked
About the things we'd done.

In later years, when time had brought
Its changes to our home,
And one by one we carefully wrought
Our destinies alone,
Sweet were the greetings we received,
When time brought round the hour,
That duty and pleasure bade us leave
To haste to that sweet bower.

I see him now, with outstretched arm,
And head all silvered o'er,
Weeping and smiling, both, the while
He waits beside the door—
Feel the warm pressure of his lips,
Hear, as he stoops to kiss his child,
The welcome, "back again!"
With gentle accents mild.

I see him in his corner sit,
Upon his favorite chair,
Watch the wreathing, curling smoke,
That o'er him fills the air;
I note the moisture of his eye,
As he listened to our words,

Home Poems.

Watch the emotions of his face,
That within his heart are stirred.

I see him as his eyes grow dim,
His feeble steps more slow,
The silver of his hair becomes
More like the spotless snow—
The form once so full of life,
So powerful and so tall,
Bowed down beneath the weight of years—
I see, I see it all!

One sad, sad pause, and then I look,
But not with mortal eye:
For not with mortal can immortal brook,
Nor Heavenly visions earth's descry;
But only with the eye of faith
Can we his form behold,
Well knowing that the dross of earth,
Is changed to Heaven's pure gold.

Oh! God, give us the faith to see
And know as by him we are seen and
known—
Pure and child-like in heart to be,
And bear as he hath borne;
Obedience to thy law to yield,
Compliance to thy will,
That we may all life's greatest needs
Like noble children fill.—

My Father.

Live, as he would have us live,
Noble, good and pure,
With honor fill each post of life,
And manfully endure;
Rememb'ring the words he taught,
And practiced as he went,
That we may pass regretted on,
When life's short day is spent.



Home Poems.

MAJOR IS DEAD.

Old Major is dead,
Go make his low bed,
And spread the clean turf o'er his mound;
Let him silently sleep
Where the apple trees keep
Their softly swaying, soothing sound.

No more can he run
On duty or fun,
Or bound at the master's shrill call—
Scale the fence at a bound
Like a faithful hound,
Nor watch the horse feed at her stall.

No more will the cows
Hear his fierce bow-wows
Echoing through forest and field,
Nor feel the sharp grip,
If they pause but to nip,
The tempting mouthful, with Maje at their
heels.

Not another wash time
Need we watch the clothes line,
To be sure that his fun-loving paws

Major is Dead.

Do not draggle in dirt
Our finest white skirt,
Hanging just within reach of his jaws.

Nor need our next-door neighbor
Expend needless labor
In fastening well her cupboard door;
For no more meat
Will he take off to eat—
His days of eating are o'er.

Nor need Jimmy bewail
The touch of the nail
That old Maje gave in indignant zeal,
In return for the bite
The mischievous young sprite
Gave the tip of his tail to feel.

The basket or pail
May rust on its nail,
Ere it dangle again on his jaw;
Or the news of the day
May crumble away
Ere he carry it again like a straw.

But we truly regret
The sad death that he met,
When we think of his virtues possessed;

Home Poems.

His paw on our arm,
When suspicioning harm,
In our night sleep long will be missed ;

As well as low growl,
When night-walkers prowl
Around our dwelling or yard;
And the lingering look,
Of his master he took,
Will ever make his death seem hard.

If an earthly friend
Would as faithfully lend
His fidelity to those that are dear,
Mankind would then know
Less sorrow below,
Greater peace and enjoyment here.

Their loss would be met
With more of regret,
Sink deeper than the headstone doth go;
'Twould be placed in the heart,
Where life fountains start,
And end but with life here below.

But, farewell to old Maje !
We leave it to age,
And the many bright songsters 'twill bring

Major is Dead.

To rightfully praise
His virtuous ways,
In the requiem they lovingly sing.



THE LEGEND.

That truth's more strange than fiction.

Is a proverb long proved true;
And yet mankind seem never wise,

In bringing it to view:

Strange legends fill the list'ning ears
Of those not reached maturest years—
Strange medicine, strange rules,
Of many old proverbial schools.

As the drowning man will catch at straws,

When death and peril wait,

So minds will fill their hungry maws

From fiction's half-filled crate;

When art and practice' wise control

Fails to make the wounded whole

In mind or body, heart or head,

Whate'er the cause, disease has fed.

'Twas thus a legend, handed down

From time long gone before,

To the dwellers of a rural town

On fair New England's shore;

It told a tale of wondrous cure

Of those who'd proved its saying sure,

The Legend.

And attested yet its power and skill,
To work its charm on whome'er it willed.

There dwelt among those hills and vales,
Men who toiled with hearty zeal—
With hearts as open as the day,
That hath no need to deep conceal
Their loves, their joys, their hopes and plans,
For fear of envy's cruel hands
Harming their honest, kindly souls,
When evil feelings spurn control.

The summer sun had just begun
His journey in the azure blue,
As arose one from his nightly cot,
His morning duties to pursue;
With faithful team he jogged along,
Communing with thought's choicest songs,
While just beyond was the church-yard
stone,
That memory had long known.

There it stood, gleaming in the light,
With its usual grayish hue,
But nearer glance proved faulty sight,
For there were figures strangely new—
Figures that moved, and then were still,
As if by unexerted will;
They were not bush, or stone, or tree,
Nor straying hoof—what could they be?

Home Poems.

So, dismounting, curiosity lent
Speed to the feet; the tall grass trod,
And recognition soon found vent,
Ere he had reached the upturned sod;
For there around a deep-made grave,
Where rich earth its freshness gave,
There stood a friend he knew full well,
Whose figure did consumption tell.

By his brother's grave erect he stood,
With eager, longing eye,
While a chosen few, tried and good,
With kindly hearts, gathered nigh;
Their spades were resting in their hands,
Like useless toys or idle wands,
While the unbroken earth still lay,
Waiting for their solemn play.

One year before—it might be two—
Here was made the dear one's tomb—
The second of the brothers who
Had returned to earth's cold womb.
Consumption's grim, deceitful face,
Had kissed them both in dread embrace,
And, like an heir-loom, left this one
To mark the course that they had run.

Sad was his heart when he saw them go,
With tenderest ties all severed;

The Legend.

But sadder yet for him to know
That he, like them, would soon be tethered
In that dread monster's cruel chains,
That easy bind in death-like pains;
And dread's the tie he, luring, holds,
When wrapped's the victim in his folds.

Hard had he struggled to unbind
This closely creeping coil;
No means untried that he could find,
However great the toil.
Now to his aching heart there came
That olden legend—strong again—
The legend that told him of his family foe,
And a ghastly cure did bid him know :

No earthly skill could e'er suffice
His hold to loose, the passage stay,
Till the living laid like the other lies,
Or his home below was crumbled away ;
No druggist's pill, no physician's art,
To save the burning of lungs, liver, heart,
Where the monster made his daily abode,
Would prove sufficient antidote.

And farther still, the legend told,
To test the truth of its weird-like tale,
That they'd only to reach the form so cold,
His dread presence to unveil ;

Home Poems.

For, in the lungs a place would be found
Where the fresh blood its cavities crown ;
Thére was his dwelling, and only fire
Would destroy the monster's savage ire.

And to destroy that monster's force,
He had gathered his friends around
To examine the resurrected corse,
And burn the destroyer, found ;
But ere they had reached the coffin-lid,
Their wavering hands, all nerveless, slid
Down from the trusty blade
Of that dampened, idle spade.

A sickening sense crept o'er each limb,
And a dullness to the eye,
As the odor rose on the dewy wind
That passed each moment by ;
They, faltering, paused—they turned away ;
But his saddened look made them essay
Their reluctant toil to pursue
Until the coffin rose to view.

But among that circle none
Would the students' part perform,
And useless seemed the labor done,
For want of a dissecting arm,
Till came this one within their midst,
And tender pity his bosom filled ;

The Legend.

In compassion for a suffering heart,
Performed he this unwholesome part.

No tool had he but a butcher knife—
No saw, nor instrument strong ;
But 'twas only the dead for the living's life
That his care did now belong.

He worked with courage and a will—
In thought 'twould make his heart stand still
If he a moment stopped,
Ere to the flames the vitals dropped.

One hasty cut—they were bared to sight
For him who waiting stood ;
Enough he saw, in the darkened light,
Of the still purple blood,
To make him think the monster's hold
Was truly by the legend told ;
Then quickly mid the flames they placed
The home that this dread monster graced.

When the whole was all consumed
They drew the torn shroud o'er the corse,
Replaced again what, once entombed,
The heathen legend might endorse ;
And, though the oozing odor crept
Through the loose earth on which they
stepped,
They replaced the sod upon his clay—
One lighter heart went on its way.

LITTLE ROSE.

Sweet little one, so pure and fair,
Thy brief stay here is like a dream,
Pervading all with richness rare,
Yet vanished ere 'tis scarcely seen—
A beauteous bud, whose petals close
Ere time unfolds the beauteous Rose.

A lovely gem, of brilliant hue,
No earthly setting more fair could gild,
Nor add one charm or value new,
That highest wisdom has not filled ;
Charming in action, beauteous in repose,
Was this priceless gift—this precious Rose.

But, ah ! why grieve thy early flight
To join the cherub, angel throng ?
Far lovelier scenes than this delight,
Far sweeter strains to Heaven belong—
That radiant realm, where perfect glows
The beauties of earth's fairest Rose.

Dear one, be comforted ! for he had need of
more,
And deemed thee worthy of thy maternal
part :

Little Rose.

Left you the memory, and the jewel bore
Safe to the arms of a most loving heart ;
For most wisely and well He knows
The joys He'll give through thy Heavenly
Rose.

And tenderer care than mother love
Shall watch the opening flower,
Taught in those realms of bliss above,
Yet born of earthly bower;
Whose own sweet buds 'neath earth's sun
grow,
For which they hope a Heavenly Rose.

Ah ! while the seraph mothers guide
And tend thy precious one,
Strong may sweet hopes in you abide,
To cheer, and bless, till life is done;
And soothe the weary wanderers' woes,
Till they behold their Heavenly Rose.

SHALL WE PAINT IN
HEAVEN ?

Dark beauteous eyes beamed with a wonder-
ing look
And sparkled with sweetness the silvery
voice took,
As it echoed the thoughts the spirit had
given,
While the lifted hand paused before the
image it drew
And the mind gazed at scenes pictured to
view,
Faith, drew in the soul, yet painted in
Heaven.

Would that rare talent, awarded at birth,
That budded and blossomed in beauty on
earth—

Nourished by genius, with purity leaven,
Bid adieu to its sisters, and let them pass o'er
To feast on the beauties of that radiant shore,
And bask in the sunlight of Heaven?

Would the holiest thoughts sublimity lent,
To grace the rare works the old masters sent

Shall We Paint in Heaven?

Abroad in our world, like bright stars at
even,
Meet not with this kindred of ages before—
Ere art assumed place with science and lore,
And shed its soft light from the gateway of
Heaven?

Then rose rare pictures to the dear artist's
eye—
With love for their beauty no joy could out-
vie;
So strongly with heart and life were they
riven,
That she queried if the sweets of bliss were
complete—
If such glorious joys were faded and fleet,
And ended on earth—would we paint in
Heaven?

Home Poems.

POOR OLD WHITE.

Ah! many are the things that remind of old
White,
And many the scenes that seem to unite,
To clothe her memory with a pleasing charm,
That time nor age can wholly disarm.

The many long journeys, and long summer
rides,
We enjoyed all alone, or friend by our side,
Produce even yet a kindly glow
That inward doth flame and outward flow.

Not very old was she when first she came,
Our ownership, care, and love to claim;
Nor yet was she young, not frisky nor bold,
Which by opening her mouth, plainly was
told.

Nor was she fleet with carriage or sleigh,
But gentle and trusty, by night and by day,
And when she was dressed in her best Sun-
day suit,
She proved a passably good-looking brute.

Poor Old White.

She could plow, and harrow, and draw a nice
load;

Could serve as a team-horse, or run on the
road;

Could take you to church in an orderly pace,
Nor wait to be told her own hitching place.

Would patiently stand, without roof to pro-
tect,

Although to a blanket would never object;
Ne'er would she back or sheer at the stool—
Although but a horse, she was nobody's fool.

No mark on her hoof or fetterlock told
Of some odd, ugly prank that was practised
of old;

No big swollen joint, like Barney, her mate,
That was made as she ran by bridge or by
gate.

No kicking, no biting, when held by the bit.
No leering of ear, deserving a hit,
But a lowering of head (a lady-like mien),
Especially when master in best coat was seen.

Young blood might scorn her—she cared not
a straw—

She jogged on no faster, refused not to draw.

Home Poems.

Though Archie might curve his proud neck
and prance,
Little she heeded his fine, coltish dance.

What mattered to her, if her gray hair was
scorned,
For the glossy, black mane that young Archie adorned?
She deemed it no insult, that her young
masters find
His swift-footed speed just fit to their mind.

She bade him adieu without look or word,
That showed that her heart was longingly
stirred;
But munched at her corn, with a satisfied
air,
That betokened, quite plainly, "What do I
care?"

Two hearts still loved her, more valued than
all,
Who patted, caressed, and filled up her stall,
Whose tones always found her with pricked-
up ear,
And a neigh that told plainly, "I welcome
you here."

* * * * *

Poor Old White.

'Twas a bright summer morn she bore us all
three—

My sister, and self, and sister-to-be,
To Grand River shore, to gather bright shells,
That we had been told could be found near
its dells.

We rambled, and searched, and jested at will,
Of grand, rocky scenery, had quite our fill;
We forded the stream, where the water was
low,
On broad, flat stones, where refused it to
flow.

Oh! the echoing laugh that rang out on the
breeze,
As I stumbled o'er a skeleton, ensconced
'neath the trees;
But the laugh changed at once to a sigh of
regret,
As I picked up the gloves I dropped in the
wet.

Ere we were aware, the setting sun told,
It was time stray *girls* were seeking the fold;
'Twas a beautiful drive home, that bright,
starry night;
But, oh! 'twas the last carriage drive of poor
old White.

Home Poems.

Little we thought as homeward we rode,
Her next ride would be to her last resting
abode;
Otherwise, I'm sure, the whip and the line
More lightly would have touched that poor
back of thine.

Sleeping were all, both soundly and well,
When groaning, at night, did her sickness
foretell;
Our sire quickly led her, though hardly
awake,
Back and forth, to relieve of the horrible
ache.

He rubbed and he physicked, he bled, and he
dosed;
Stopped not at trifles, whatever the cost;
But the morning found his care all in vain—
Her trembling muscles betoken the pain.

Her gaze seemed most human, as she saw our
caress,
Or tempting morsel invitingly pressed;
She seemed by her look, to yearningly say,
“ I'm sorry to treat your kindness that way.”

Two days she lingered, in pain and distress,
More patient, by far, than man can attest;

Poor Old White.

With a groan and a look, she laid down her
head,
Stretched out her limbs—poor White was
stone-dead.

Sadly and lovingly we gaze on her now,
Regretting the frown that darkened our brow,
The word of impatience, the blow that was
given,
When faster we wished for poor White to be
driven.

No *post-mortem* held, the sire would have
none;
Nor towards her would look when love's labor
done;
His sorrowful face bespoke what he felt,
But no word of his on the subject dwelt.

A friend kindly made her a low resting bed,
In the green woods, where leafy branches
were spread,
And bore, quite gently, from sound and
sight,
All that remained of faithful old White.

Home Poems.

TO A FRIEND.

Ah! yes, to thee my pledge will keep;
But wait, did I—yes, softly wait
Through waking morns and shadowy sleep,
• Till!glimmering twilight's perfumed freight
Should hush the thought of busy care
And heart and mind sweet harmony share;

Till heart, and brain, and pen unite
In one sweet echoing strain,
And vigor plumes the Muse's flight,
To soar o'er Poesie's main,—
And drink deep draughts from all that's fair
In bud, or flower, or tree, or air.

For need had I, yes, greatest need,
Of all that they can lend
To rightly frame a fitting meed—
Deserving tribute to a friend
Who links in friendship's pure embrace
The love of Heaven in earthly place,—

Whose varied store is gathered not
From one bright flowing cup,
But culls its sweets from many a spot
Where Heavenly fountains sup

To a Friend.

In fruitful heart or barren soil,
Where thorns do blend or roses toil—

Whose soul vibrates with sweetest notes
Affection's chords can thrill;
And love attunes, as memory dotes,
A sainted mother still,
And feels the zephyr of her wing
While life's most gentle echoes ring.

Oh, hallowed memory, precious boon,
Bequeathed to loved and dear—
A sacred joy at morn, at noon,
Recalled by smile or tear—
A gentle voice, an echoing strain,
Can bring thy presence back again.

Thou bear'st beneath a noble mien
A strong and manly heart,
Whose strength and will are not unseen
When forced to act a noble part:
But firm to move at justice' call,
When blight and wrong on dear ones fall.

The arm that tenderest succor gives—
Doth vigorously defend
The heart where gentlest passion lives—
Would ne'er betray a friend;
But like the ocean, deep and blue,
Holds richest treasures, old and new.

Home Poems.

The sturdy oak 'neath heated rays
Its cheering shadows spread,
And stretches forth its leafy sprays
When stormy blasts o'erhead
Bid bird and beast protection find
In Nature's joys, in Nature's kind.

The smallest insect, noblest beast,
Alike demand, alike receive.
Though small the vessel, not the least
The blessings that relieve.
For ah! the cup of water given
More than the choicest wines doth taste of
Heaven.

Such natures that wisely cull
And right discern their needs,
Do drink from living waters cool—
On heavenly manna feed,
And such an one, in whole or part,
Binds soul with soul and heart with heart.

Each human face, or form divine,
Though graces scant, profuse
Beneath *some* lights doth radiant shine
And rivals art or muse,
And glows with radiance so divine
That soul doth query, Is it thine?

To a Friend.

Such moments lend their sweetest spell
To face, and brow, and eye—
Pervading depths that hidden dwell,
And with the gods might vie
When touched by that bright golden key,
That heaven vouchsafed for heart to see.

Deep pathos trembles in the tone,
Where pitying thoughts are blent,
And loving deeds and words are shown—
Reflecting naught but pure intent—
That fall like Heavenly incense where
Afflictions call for tenderest care.

Oh, like the guests in Abraham's tent
Come thou to us, unknown;
Yet, like them, oft the message sent
Hath wondrous wisdom shown,
And gentlest dew, from altars high,
At thy request, dropped from the sky.

Earth's oblivion thou needst not fear
Nor seek perpetuity in works of art,
Whilst thou sowest the seed that buddeth
here
And blossoms in the forever of the heart,
For ages, with their dimning roll,
Ne'er can fade floral offering of the soul.

Home Poems.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

He sat before the blazing fire,
But not his own household hearth;
Although a husband and a sire,
Home joys with him were dearth.

The children climbed upon his knee,
And smoothed his wrinkled face,
Delighted with his gifts, while he,
With smiles, gave each a place.

Where were his own? they questioned oft—
His wee bit, girl or boy—
With tiny hands, so young and soft,
To grasp the proffered toy?

Had they so large and manly grown,
They needed not his care,
Or was their dwelling place unknown,
And wouldn't they tell him where?

Their little minds he put at rest,
But to the parents told
The saddened tale that did invest
His life with my story's fold.

An Old Man's Story.

Whate'er his outward life had been,
When viewed with critic's eye,
There was a sacred nook within,
Close veiled from passer-by.

His home, he said, was once all bright
With children's laugh and wife's sweet
smile,
Till the Demon came, in priestly light,
The laugh to check, the charm beguile.

And 'neath the cover of the robe
He^{*} wore with saintly grace,
There coursed within that heartless lobe,
A stream that flushed a devil's face.

But he clothed it with the garb of saint
And prophet, sent from God;
And with a zeal that did not faint,
Nor waver 'neath opposing rod—

He sought, at first, my home by day,
My wife to counsel and advise;
To point her to the only way
He said religion lies.

He told her of the promised land,
The stone, the Bible found;
His orders to construct a band,
To tread the hallowed ground.

Home Poems.

The Gentile world, he said was lost,
Forever doomed to die;
To join the Saints, at any cost,
Was the message from on high.

He sought her when myself, away,
Could not his words refute;
But her pale face would plainly say,
What words did not dispute.

I saw the cloud was gathering fast
Around our household tree—
That the home-destroying blast
Would soon enevlope me.

I tried to scatter all her fears,
To chase the mist away;
And often, shining through her tears,
I saw the peep of day.

I knew she loved us, one and all,
And wished to do the right—
Would never heed to any call,
Save one, with Heaven in her sight.

I was a sinner; could not teach
Of things Divine or high,
But knew the Bible did impeach
The adulteress, and the lie.

An Old Man's Story.

The commandments that to man were given,
Man must forever hold;
We need not seek the path to Heaven,
Through some promised land of gold.

My words fell soothing on her ear,
Seemed to convince her mind,
And brighter did the day appear
With its shadows cast behind.

But again that baleful image came,
Like a tiger for its prey,
And left my rising hopes all slain,
My joy dissolved away.

I caught his shadow ere 'twas past,
And vowed a bitter vow—
The next I saw would be his last,
I cared not when, or how.

His treacherous heart should be my aim,
His hated breast, my mark;
Accompanied or alone, the same—
By daylight or by dark.

I carefully watched his wily step,
That told approaching tread;
So fierce had all my anger kept,
To mark him with the dead.

Home Poems.

But useless all my waiting hours:
He, cool, outstripped his foe;
And tore the mother vine from home's bower
And waited not my grief to know.

* * * * *

I sought my home one day at eve;
Her loved form was not there:
A mother's heart could offspring leave,
But not a mother's care.—

One tiny treasure still held dear
That mother heart of hers:
All but the babe on her breast was spurned,
As snares that Heaven deters.

But why should I unjustly speak?
She who, once as true as God e'er gave,
Such vengeance on herself would never wreak,
Did not blind reason wildly rave.—

And as her mind held such control,
Bound with a chain so fast and strong,
That waves of anguish o'er her soul
Might roll its waters long.

I sought what tidings I could hear
Where most I thought they'd be,
In hope to find, still lingering near,
Some hope for them, and me.

An Old Man's Story.

But days passed on, no glimpse she gave
To those who sought to find,
Save one wild look, where the forests wave,
As she fled like the bounding hind.

We found her trace in the forest leaves,
Where she had made her bed;
And there, where the sighing wind low
grieves,
We found her infant, dead.—

Wrapped in its little blanket-shroud,
Its folded hands upon its breast—
No loving heart, no weeping crowd,
Save the amber leaves it pressed.

Cold, hunger, pain, their force had spent
Upon the still, white face,
Ere kindly death its wings had lent,
To free from her embrace.

The moaning sobs and anguish'd cry
Of that poor fledgling dove—
Though they failed to reach the mother's
sigh,
Invoked a spirit from above.

Oh, harrowing sight this to behold,
My youngest, tenderest flower,
Thus ruthless torn from parent's fold,
In that relentless hour.

Home Poems.

To know that dark and cruel deed,
Was done to me, and mine,
Called for more than mortal need,
To deck forgiveness' shrine.

We bore the little sleeper home,
To make it fitter bed—
Where kindred hearts might often come,
And sister's tears be shed;

And loving hand might drape its form,
For its eternal rest,
Ere sad its little corse was borne,
To where the green sod pressed.

* * * * *

But where was she? you eager ask—
The mother of the child?
Did she alone in darkness bask,
Fed by her ravings wild?

Gone to the *community*, I learned,
Who thus destroyed her peace:
To seek for light she wildly spurned—
That hope ne'er could ease.

But useless my regret, and vain
My unmitigated woe;
My weary laden heart and brain
Could no alternative know.

An Old Man's Story.

She came no more, to love or aid,
As the weary years flew past,
Her home in the far off land was made,
Where that people's lot was cast.

What! never more? Yes, once again,
When child to womanhood grown,
The eldest did her care retain,
While youthful ills were known.

And now a husband's home-hearth cheered,
With love's sweet presence true,
And infant babe's soft hands upraised—
Love's warm caresses drew.

There came one evening to her door,
A traveler old and gray:
She begged a morsel, and what was more,
A night with her to stay.

She peered into her wan, sad face,
To recognize, if might,
Of old acquaintance, look or trace,
In the fast receding light.

Seeing none, she asked her name,
Her country, or her race,
And why, a vagrant, now she came
To this far country place?

Home Poems.

If she'd no home or kindred tie,
To bind, mid other climes,
Where home affections yearning vie,
And love with duty chimes.

“Oh! know ye not?” she trembling cried—
“Though years have long since past,
That mother, who had better died
Than such a blight to cast?

“Oh! know ye not the voice that once
Sang thee thy baby song?
And cradled in her tender touch—
Forget thy childhood wrong!

“Let compassion for her deeds still hold
A place within thy heart;
Oh! shrink not with look so cold—
Back from her presence start!

“For, oh, I've wandered lone and long
From that dark land where I
Was brought to see thy cruel wrong,
And sighed for pardon ere I die.

“The delusion that did so long delude,
Has vanished like the dew,
And I, in reason's light, have viewed
My acts to mine and you.

An Old Man's Story.

“ Oh! withhold not—but freely give
Thy pardoning words so sweet;
For this I've begged alone to live—
For this I've pined to greet.

“ 'Tis true, the bitter deeds were done
That time can ne'er efface;
But those deeds wronged not you alone;
Do not my furrows trace

“ The wasting grief, the hidden woe,
Of my day's fast-ebbing sun?
And none but He above can know
My wretched life, most run;

“ The grief, remorse, the preying fear,
That lurked by day, and haunted night,
Till the hated garb no more could wear,
Nor bear its tainted sight.”

She paused; “ Begone!” the daughter cried;
“ I do not care to know
A mother who could wander wide,
And desert her offspring so.

“ You left us with no hand to shield
With gentle, mother love;
None but a father's care to wield
The succor for his deserted dove.

Home Poems.

“ You let our baby brother die,
Starved by your cruel hand,
Uncoffined and unshrouded lie,
Like some member of Gipsy’s band.

“ Our cries did fail to reach your heart ;
So doth this tale of thine,
Though true’t may be in every part,
Find no response in mine.

“ We who a full maturity claim,
Unaided were by thee;
Let him who did such duty, name
What thou’rt to us to be.”

She turned, one yearning look she cast
On hopes forever gone:
So full of grief—it was her last—
The daughter was alone.

The old man stopped to brush the tear
That filled his eye and choked his voice,
And sadly listeners paused to hear
The ending which could ne’er rejoice.

For, like the oak by tempest riven,
The recital shook his frame,
As the storm-tossed bark of thought was
driven,
O’er memory’s surging main.

An Old Man's Story.

For still she wandered, and his pitying heart
 Would gladly take unto his breast
The erring one, though the wound might
 smart,
As afresh the sore was pressed.

A sacred halo seemed to wreath
 That sadly falling tear,
And pity's strongest whisperings breathe
 Around his fast-declining year.

His wrinkled brow and whitened lock
 Seemed to lisp the tale he told,
That forgetfulness could never lock—
 In its dim portals fold.

Some chords there are that, lightly pressed,
 Will yield the saddest notes;
Some forms, though coarsely dressed,
 Some saddened memories quote.

Home Poems.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It was a log-built structure, sure,
With roof all gray and old;
Its chinks presented many a crack,
Through which swept winter's cold.

No door in front for entrance seen,
With flower bed bordered path,
And yard beyond, all decked in green,
To ring with childish laugh.

No climbing vine where roses bloomed,
Half hiding window's view,
Near shaded drive where horse, all groomed,
Might snuff the morning dew.

But grim and desolate it stood
In that western country wild,
Like some deserted camping wood,
Half cleared by native's child.

The well-post sweeping far its pole,
As the winds the loose boards shook,
And through the paneless window's hole,
Its fitful course untrammelled took.

The Haunted House.

The rails were slipping from the fence,
That wide enclosure held,
As flapped the truant's garment rents
As it clambered o'er forbidden field.

The door latch, with its hanging string,
Was dark with finger stains,
While the creaking steps made echoes ring,
Ere one an entrance gains.

No form was there; but an unmade bed,
And scattered chairs and pails
Told that some inmate had been fed,
And sought what sleep entails.

Our wandering eyes then quick traversed
The drear apartments two,
Ere rising thought should swift rehearse
The tale that gossip knew.

Three pictures hung upon the wall;
Two did bind our furtive gaze,
And in the mind enveloped all
Like some enchanting haze.

One was a lady, pure and sweet,
With locks of auburn hair,
And soft speaking eyes that seemed to greet
The smile her bright lips bear.

Home Poems.

Her radiant glance follows every turn
Your searching eyes may make,
As if to speak she playful yearned,
The outward stillness thus to break.

Not far from this the other hung,
A man of noble frame;
While just between, a lad so young
That the baby look remained.

With one quick shudder we turn away,
From the farthest of the three,
While reason whispered her anxious way,
Could this a murderer be?

Could he such fatal deed e'er do,
With that sweet gaze in sight,
Though changed the substance be to view,
In older womanhood light?

Could he the fatal blow let fall,
While still the taper burned,
To crush the faintest spark of all,
However much he spurned?

And she, so changed from youth's bright
dream,
From what 'tis pictured here,
From youth to age, a single gleam,
Yet fill dishonored bier?

The Haunted House.

We turned away: let gossip tell
Her tale of rocking chair
She sat upon, and from it fell
When raised his arm in air.

That, awake or sleep, at night he hears
The ever-swaying sound;
Though thrust from sight where darkness
peers,
And rubbish piles it round.

That guilty conscience brings to mind
The words she utterance gave:
That did he kill he'd surely find
Her spirit rising from the grave.

That he for gain had pressed the cup
Most tempting to her lip,
Which she, to keep worn nature up,
First learned its draught to sip.

And when the cup's benumbing power
Had lent its cruel aid,
He straightway bore to covert bower,
To those who waiting laid.

Then, fiendlike, took the proffered gold
Their beastly hands bestowed,
Clutched it close with his miser's hold,
While pleased sensations glowed.

Home Poems.

Then curses on her head he heaped,
When consciousness returned,
For dire results his avarice reaped,
When she home duties spurned.

No stranger tale could gossip weave,
With more mysterious thread,
Than youth could virtue and beauty leave,
With shame and death to wed.

We need not seek weird fables old,
Nor fiction's woven thread,
To find what daily life has told,
By truth unerring fed.

For truth's more strange and bright,
Seen by discerning eye,
Than falsehood's taper's lightest light,
'Neath Romance' phantom sky.

To a Casement.

TO A CASEMENT.

Rattle on, thou casement old!
Dim thoughts thou dost awake,
Of memories well nigh cold,
That now afreshly break;
Dim visions to my mind arise,
Of roof and rafter gray,
Touched by the hand that flies,
And stamps on all, decay.

Within those rooms dim cots I see;
Bright, fairy forms are there—
Told by the merry bursts of glee
Which side the cot they share.
The little hands in gesture raised—
In innocence and joy—
And the ringing, silvery echoes praise
The story-telling boy.

That shadowed chamber seems not dark—
With youthful fancies lit.—
And gay and gorgeous glows the spark
Where imaginations flit.
Oh, sweet and beauteous are the dreams
Of sleep and waking hours,
When happy childhood daily gleans
The choicest, sweetest flowers.

Home Poems.

Those shadows oft as transient are
As the wondrous story-world;
When change and age illusion mar,
When into manhood hurled,
All that is left of those dim shades
Is memory's weaving spell:
All things have changed; the visions fade,
And yet we say, 'tis well.



The Uninvited Guest.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

For the fair bride loving hearts
And busy hands had carefully fashioned
The tasteful bridal garments;
The tiny missives already sent
To distant friends, that told the coming
Of the happy pair when two hopeful lives
In unending union were together joined;
The trunks, in part, already held
Their dainty contents;
With loving look the name inscribed
Upon the leathern straps that were to hold
The fair one's outer garments;
The housewife's skillful art
Was for the occasion being
Most carefully tested;
Naught but the finishing touch remained
To be given to many things
Ere came the invited guests
To witness the glad completion.
But one lovely morn into their midst
There came a *dark-robed stranger*,
Who waited not for welcome
Nor even courteous words,
But as an intruder, cold and staid

Home Poems.

In morning sunshine or evening shadows,
He ever silent sat.
With merry converse and jesting smiles
They sought his presence to ignore,
Inwardly hoping brief might be his stay
Among them; but as day after day
Passed now more slowly by,
And still he lingered, the joyous look
Gave place to anxious expressions,
And in that home where all was gladness
A darkened gloom seemed gathering:
And now upon the delicate cheek
Of the expectant bride there came and went
The feverish flush—the flush
That betokens *his* resultant influence—
And the elastic step and industrious zeal
Refused compliance to strong will's demand,
And their vivacity slowly lost;
And when to them the usual beautiful twilight
Succeeded, night after night, earth's brightness,
No sign of his departure to them appeared,
And each day succeeding still proclaimed
His cruel wish still to linger.
Hope at every hour strengthened but to
wither,
Darkened doubt at last gave way to sad reality,

The Uninvited Guest.

And those apartments, that received
'The many happy reminders of coming joys
So greatly anticipated, now bore trace of
Sickness' dread presence by the low, anxious
tone,

Careful touch, and muffled tread;
While on telegraphic speed ran the sad news
Of disappointed hope and saddened grief.
And the silvery laugh that re-echoed
Through the parental mansion
Had changed to the low, painful moan,
'Neath darkened rooms and half closed
shutters.

With deep, intense sorrow *he* watched
Beside the fair one's couch,
Held the little hand that so soon
Was to have joined his in that lasting com-
pact,

And with low-drawn sigh listed
To the unconscious ramblings,
As closer still, like a dark shadow,
Nestled amid her shining locks
That dreaded presence: The flowers.
The garments, the half packed trunks,
When perchance they passed them by.
Seemed spectres to mock their woe
And fill to overflowing their bitter cup.
All thought of gladness now darkened, fled,

Home Poems.

As rose before them in a near approach
This enemy of their domestic sunshine—
This destroyer of their household band.
How eagerly they contested his every step,
And sorrowfully admitted his tightened hold,
As receding light and declining strength
Encircled the dear loved form!
But on he came, with all his terror,
Till victoriously he claimed his bride,
And bore away from weeping hearts
And longing eyes all but the silent casket
That pale flowers enshrouded:
Yes, wedded at the appointed time—
The nuptial feast celebrated—
But the bridegroom was
This unwelcomed stranger,
This dark-visaged destroyer!
Useless now the many little ornaments
Admiring eyes appreciated—
The dark groom hath no need of these:
His a plain and solemn ceremony
That stamps on every heart and home
Its great reminder;
And the tear that at others' grief
Moistened the beautiful sleeper's eye,
Was shed by those who gazed
With saddened heart on this
Sad, unexpected nuptial.

Little Maggie.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

Sweet little Maggie, with eyes of brown,
Unfastened shoes and dirty gown,
Chubby brown hands, with cold all red,
Tightly holding her "butter bread."

As if seeking by force our love to win,
Oft she through the gate peeped in,
And softly lisped, "Is your fater home?
Vell, den, can I ofer coome?"

Then skipped along like a linnet gay,
And chatted the morning hours away,
Till a strange sound her quick ears caught,
Then quickly the nearest door was sought.

And, opening, sped like a deer away,
With "Goot by, Ich muss heim gha!"
She passed out of sight as her kiss she threw,
And laughingly waved her babyish adieu.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS.

In a pleasant land an old farm-house stood,
Just as it did long years before,
When nature dotted her fields with wood,
In the pioneer days of yore.

Though he who builded it had passed away,
There dwelt his companion now,
To cheer with love life's April day
Of daughters twain, and manhood's brow.

For reared beside this dear old home
Was a mansion of less ancient style,
Where tiny prattlers often come,
Grandma's lone hours to beguile.

And daughters and son could mutually share
The maternal counsel of that loving one,
And for reward of affectionate care,
Blessings reap when labor done.

On this Christmas eve the home of the son
Was to receive the laden tree;
And high bounded the hopes of every one,
Who a welcome guest was to be.

The Last Christmas.

Already the tree with its load was full
Of the long, long treasured store,
And ready the tapers to light the yule,
As soon as the daylight was o'er.

Turkey and chicken, pastry and pie,
Smoked on the well-filled board,
And pleasant looks, that in enjoyment lie,
Gave zest to the merry word.

And as they ate and drank the cheer,
The laugh pealed out like a merry bell,
Whose tones spake gladness, unmixed with
fear,
As their cadence rose and fell.

For, what a merrier feast can make
Than that which love's true banquet molds,
And youth and age together take
The nectar'd sweets its feast-room holds.

But ere the lamps were all aglow,
And cleared the rich repast,
Each beast and kine that shelter know,
Must break with food their fast.

So son and mother both made haste
Each creature's wants to supply—
To see that all were securely placed,
Ere the gathering shades drew nigh.

Home Poems.

For country life had given a taste,
And love for the noble brute,
That age nor competence could chase
From that heart—to comfort ne'er mute.

She loved her dumb pets' earnest call;
She loved their mute appeal;
She carefully filled each empty stall,
For every want a care did feel.

* * * * *

Lit were the lamps, yet returned she not
To that cheerful, waiting hearth;
And called was her name in every spot,
As hushed grew the callers' mirth.

But heavier grew the anxious dread
Of the saddened ones who sought
From place to place, and hurriedly sped,
In hopes their fears were nought.

But, oh, the anguish—what tongue can tell
But those who have tasted the woe,
And drank of the cup at grief's deep well,
Where the bitter waters flow.

Cold and motionless, alone she lay,
With none to close her darkened eye,
Or plead with the Angel of Death to stay,
And pass the dear one by.

The Last Christmas.

Alone she had passed the closing gate
That shuts the fields of Time—
Alone did the Master's summons await,
That called to the brighter clime.

But, Oh! the sorrow of that orphan'd heart!
Though manhood its strength had given,
It softens not the anguish that parts
The loved from their earthly heaven.

Fondly he called, then frantic'ly clasped
And raised the prostrate form,
And many a loving question asked,
As swept o'er his brain that rending storm.

From the pale, dear lips, no answer came—
No fond, though parting word;
No sound to quell the burning flame
This sudden grief had stirred.

Almost void seemed thought and life
Of him who held and gazed;
A sad, sad ending to pleasures rife
With brightest deeds and lays.

Oh! who can tell the eve of morn,
Though promising the dawn!
Oh! who can tell for what are born
Life's brightest hopes, till they are gone!

Home Poems.

“MY NATIVE LAND.”

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
 This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
As home his footstep he hath turned
 From wandering o'er a foreign strand?

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Pale was her brow, and wrinkled o'er
With the furrowed seams that time had wore,
 Like the worn rivulet's tide;
And white her locks with the mark of years
That bore away life's joys, life's tears,
 To that dark river's side.

Feeble her step, uncertain, slow,
Which once was buoyant as the roe
 That bounded o'er the craggy steep;
And oft her trembling hand essayed
To rectify the errors made
 By peering eyesight weak.

But though her aged eye grew dim,
There ever burned a light within
 That never lost its hue,
And carried to the time-dulled brain
Thoughts of that home far o'er the main,
 That she never more might view.

My Native Land.

And when this subject was her theme,
She seemed one wakened from a dream,
 So firm her step became;
Her whole demeanor then partook
Of renovation's inspiring look,
 Imparting new-born flame.

Quick did her speech in numbers flow,
When on fancy's wings did backward go
 Her mind to native scenes—
Where youth's bright days were joyful spent,
And young matronage both came and went,
 Ere advanced age had intervened.

And, oh, the thoughts of glad return
Thrilled with a delighted joy that yearned
 To hasten o'er the bounding wave,
Ere age and pain did quite preclude
And render visions wild and nude,
 Consigned to hopeless grave.

There, playmates, friends, companions' guest,
In pleasant vale find silent rest,
 Where she did long to lay,
When o'er were all life's passing joys,
And broken loose were transient toys
 That now held right of sway.

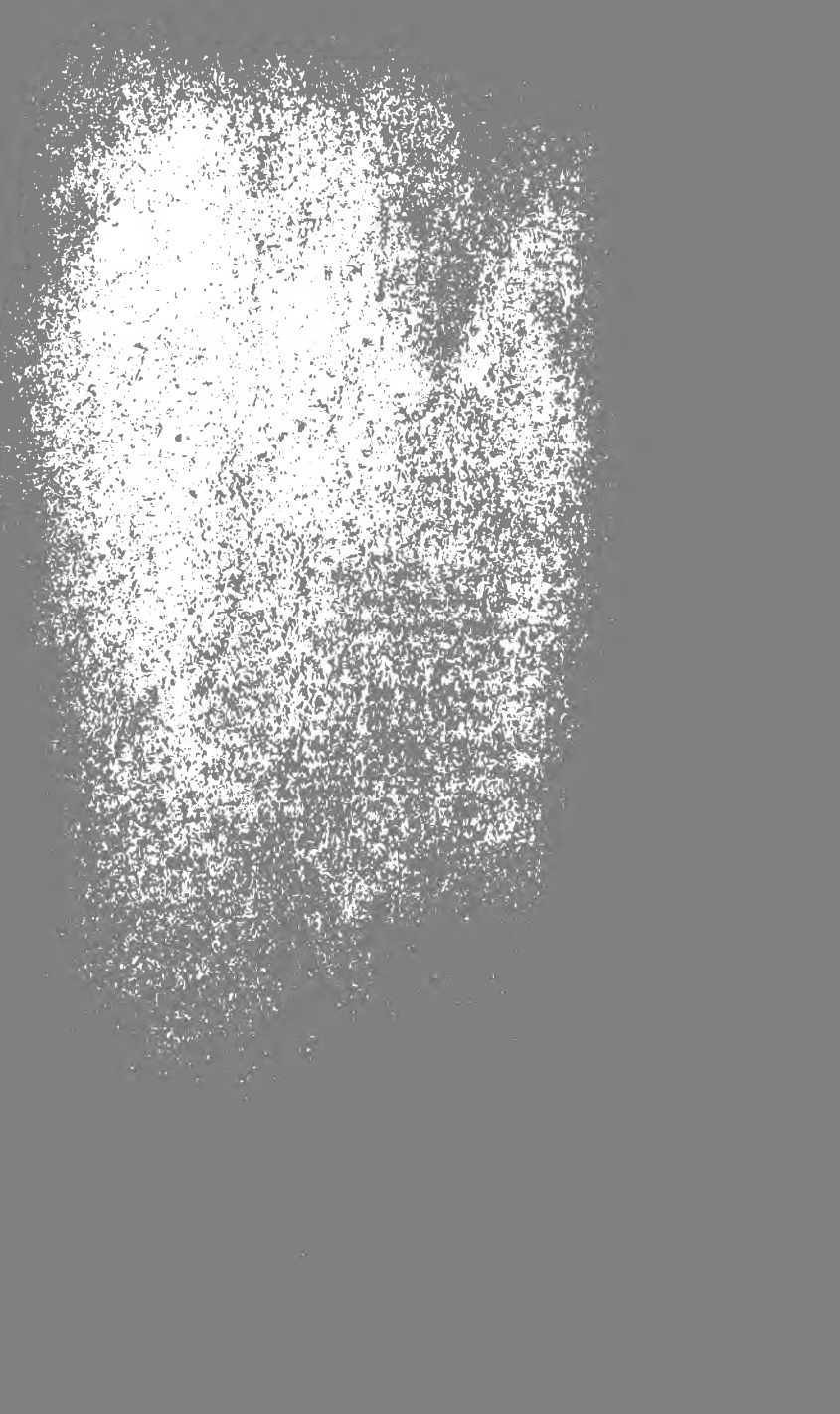
Home Poems.

Oh! say not 'tis a childish dream—
Aged fancy's wildering gleam
Through thought, diseased by age,
Or vigorous youth's departed power,
Sighing o'er the hopeful hour
That brightened up its future page.

It is a love that is wisely given,
Endearing ties so firmly riven,
That glow with patriotic pride,
Yielding its retainer a filial charm,
Strikes for loyalty a powerful arm—
To the humblest not denied.

Then blame not those who deem the best
The native soil their feet first pressed,
Where'er that soil may be;
But let the love of country raise
One joyful shout of approving praise,
Where'er that love you see.

Sacred Poems.



Too great the theme for mortal pen
Its beauties e'en to feebly paint;
And yet the grandest *good* to men
Was freely given, and not to saint.

The purest gems, the brightest flowers,
We mortals covet most of all;
The tongue the oftenest speaks of bowers
Where happiest sunbeams fall.

Expulsion From Nazareth.

EXPULSION FROM NAZARETH.

'Twas Sabbath o'er those ancient hills,
And gathered in the synagogue
Were the elders, in their seats;
The reader ready for the chazzan
To hand from behind the sacred veil
The Torah for the morning lesson;
The parascha was read by the sheliach,
And now through that hushed crowd
Every eye waited for the elder
Doctor, or official expounder of the law,
When quietly arose Jesus, of Nazareth,
And there was delivered to Him
The Book of the Prophet Isaiah,
And He opened to the place

Where it was written:

“The spirit of the Lord is upon me
“Because He hath anointed me to preach
“The gospel to the poor; He hath sent me
“To heal the broken-hearted,
“To preach deliverance to the captive,
“And recovering of sight to the blind,
“And to set at liberty them that are bound,
“And to preach the acceptable year of the
Lord.”

Home Poems.

As the echoes of His voice died away
He closed the sacred roll,
Handing it the chazzan who quietly sat
Upon his humble seat,
Having given utterance words more memor-
able
Than tongue of man had ever uttered.
Every eye was turned upon Him,
Every heart was with amazement touched,
For the Reader from childhood
Had dwelt among them
A carpenter, the son of a carpenter,
Whose father in that place had sat—
Not in the highest chair, near the veil,
But among the humbler folks;
And here had knelt this *One*, a child,
To repeat His early prayer
As months and years rolled on,
Till Time had niched the circles thirty-one;
And e'en now, behind the screen
With the worshiping Jewish mothers
Sat the one that had reared Him from child-
hood;
Slowly did He utter these awful words,
And from the sacred parchment
Announced Himself the One anointed,
Their long-expected Messiah !
With one astonished look

Expulsion From Nazareth.

They glanced Him o'er: Where were
His noble, princely bearing,
His soldier's mien, His riches,
His courtiers and His state ?
Not in Jerusalem's court or Hillel's school
Had gleaned He knowledge from their
Old and sacred law.

He greater than Joshua or David,
Who with chariots and horsemen
In clouds and fire should come ?
He to scourge the Roman legions
And destroy Diana's Temple ?
His miracles in Capernaum—
Had not their prophets all these done?
But *this* man—by whom wrought?
By Satan, or by God?
But hark ! list the words:
“ This day is this scripture
In your ears fulfilled.”
The same sweet, low voice,
Yet in authoritative power.

Then bade they Him
Some testing miracle before their eyes,
Then and there, perform;
Were they less worthy than the wayside
rabble,
That He should them deny?

Home Poems.

Why should He refuse when in other
Than the sacred Jewish roof
He had put forth His power,
And instead of curse had left a blessing?
For this burned high their anger.
No miracle, but the same clear voice
Gave answer to the loud demand:
“I tell you of a truth in Israel,
Many widows were in the days of Elias,
When three years and six months,
The Heavens were shut up
And famine reigned throughout the land;
But unto none of them save Sarepta,
A city of Sidon, unto a woman
That was a widow, was Elias sent;
And in the days of Elisha, the prophet,
Many lepers were in Israel,
But none of them were cleansed save
Naaman, the Syrian.”
Sheliach, batlan, people, naught could say,
For truth in every word was uttered;
Out of their law they could not answer,
Nor His clear, calm saying, refute;
Let the sheliach denounce,
Let the chazzan threaten, batlamin curse;
Yet unimpeachably clear it stood.
And now they could upon Him rise,
With vociferation His words choke out;

Expulsion From Nazareth.

Could thrust Him from the Synagogue,
From their congregation cast forth—
Yea, the lost man, the bad Jew,
Who so falsely thus could teach:
That beside His own, His chosen race,
God other children could have.—
Yea, for this, from the sight of living men,
From within the walls that girt them in,
Beyond the entrance of their gate—
Yea, from the very earth itself—
They could thrust Him forever out.

With furious yells they seize upon Him,
Drag Him from out the Synagogue;
Not to the chazzan. to whom it belongeth,
Leave they the power to act,
But from the high seat where the Elders sit
To the sheliach who reverently stood
Before the veil that hid the ark—
The five sacred books therein contained —
Rose every one with compressed lips,
Clenched hands and frenzied heat,
Eager to hold within their grasp
The transgressor of their law.

On, on, o'er the well-known path
His boyish feet had trod,
Passing the crowd of faces
His pleasant smile had often met,

Home Poems.

Whose kindly words in days gone by
Had sounded sweetly on His ear;
But now all changed their mien.
On to the brow of the hill,
With murder beaming from every eye,
And tightening in their grasp,
They near the summit:
Soon the fatal plunge,
Soon their vengeance will be wreaked,
Soon will cease the life
That dared the law to break;
Now—but see! Their hands
Clutch naught but empty air.
The same rigidity of muscle,
The same extended arm,
The same hurrying steps—
But gone the object of their vengeance.
No armed soldier came
To deliver from their power
With overwhelming force, clothed with au-
thority;
No secret friend sprang up from ambush,
By cunningly devised scheme,
And withdrew Him, artfully, from their hold;
No eye saw Him pressing His way before
them,
As if swiftly making His escape—
No! their eyes, closed to heavenly vision,

Expulsion From Nazareth.

Beheld not that invisible change,
That momentary assumption of that great
And God-like power given of His Father,
That Omnipotence that suffereth
Human acts “thus far and no farther”
To go, that greatness which human tongue
Faileth to portray—
That mortal pen cannot its faintest
Tone nor dullest shadows paint,
Nor e’en the human heart realize,
Nor the human mind its power conceive—
No! this, and this only beheld they
As their astonished eyes searchingly wan-
dered,
That He was gone, gone from them forever.



CHRIST STILLING THE
TEMPEST.

All day long the multitude pressed round
The sea-girt coast His presence crowned,
Eager to touch but His garment hem,
To obtain relief for theirs and them.

The deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame,
With quickened step and high hopes came;
The aged listened for the low, sweet sound
That told them where His presence found.

The palsied thence on rude litters borne,
Whose manhood's strength by long wasting
shorn,
Begged to be laid at His sacred feet,
To hear His voice, His compassion meet.

For well they knew His loving heart
Unhealed would never bid depart
Earth's suffering ones, whate'er had made
Affliction's hand thus heavy laid.

From Jerusalem learned Jews had come,
To prove the truth of Rumor's tongue,
Anxious to find this great One's fame
No right to Jewish power could claim.

Christ Stilling the Tempest.

But as the sun dropped toward the west,
To sink beneath the golden crest,
Then grew not less the gathering crowd,
With eager voices sounding loud.

* * * * *

The weary Savior sought for rest
On the placid waters of Galilee's breast,
With His chosen followers at His side
They quickly launched upon the tide.

Calm was the sky, serene and blue,
The breeze refreshed like evening dew,
Cooling the fair brow of that beauteous face,
Whose every lineament reflected grace.

Tired nature, which such Divinity could keep,
Sank at once to quiet sleep;
Closed were the eyes of Heavenly blue,
While His wavy locks a picture drew;

More beautiful than an artist's skill,
Or poet's pen could justly fill,
So fair in form and feature's mold—
Ne'er by the ablest could be told.

But as He slept, with hearts aglow
Those manly voices murmured low,
The wondrous deeds His power had wrought
Since to His guidance they were brought.

Home Poems.

The sunlit sea, their sleeping Lord,
Beauteous themes for thought afford,
As o'er the waters their ship they guide,
Their onward course to Gardene's side.

But lo ! there's a change o'er the placid sky;
The gathering clouds like vapor fly
Hither and thither, till, like a veil,
Envelopes man, and sea, and sail.

The gentle breeze to a rude blast grew,
Sweeping o'er the darkened blue,
Till high in air rose the angry wave,
And o'er the frail ship its fury drave.

And they who but an hour before,
Had calmly talked their blessings o'er,
Grew pale with fright and anxious fear
In sight of dangers thickening near.

The tossing ship with waters fills,
The helm no more obeys their will,
The strongest cordage creaks and strains,
Against the force the tempest gains.

Till o'er their minds an awful dread
Seems rising from the sea's dark bed,
Repeated by each billow's roar
That ruthless rush so swiftly o'er.

Christ Stilling the Tempest.

Then with one loud, despairing cry,
“ Lord save us, ere we die !”
They wake Him from His peaceful sleep
To view the horrors of the deep.

He rose, but the serenity on His brow, yet
warm,
Gathered no darkness from the raging storm;
And the soft compassion their cry had raised,
Beamed from His eye, as around He gazed.

For dear to His heart were these chosen few
Whose 'griefs He bore, whose thoughts He
knew,
As the enraptured kiss of the loving child
Who from love was never guiled.

Thus He stood, with outstretched hand,
That could form a world, at His command,
No ostentation of His power displayed
Against the elemental force arrayed.

But with His long locks blown from His
breast,
And His garment wet with the foamy crest,
Those trembling hearts with wonder thrill
As He calmly murmured: “ *Peace; be still.*”

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Along the dusty road, with sandaled feet,
A numerous cortege came,
Whose loose robed-forms in Capernaum street
Had passed the noontide's wane.

The One, the center of all thought,
The wondering crowd led on,
With mingled feelings strangely fraught,
Their eager minds had won.

They saw His deeds, and heard His words,
With awe, and doubt, and fear—
Whose low, sweet tones like music stirred
The listening hearts that hear.

Nearest were His chosen ones,—
Disciples, brothers, friends—
And He fondly called them sons
Whom their suffering Lord attends.

As they drew near the city gate,
There came a weeping train—
Nain's kinsfolk following, small and great,
The bier on which the dead was lain.

The Widow's Son.

A widow with her first born son—
Her earthly hope, her all—
Whose manhood's race, ere mid-day run,
Had set beneath the pall.

Her mother-heart was sorely wrung
With grief's most poignant throe,
To hear the requiem o'er him sung,
And to his burial go.

Her answering heart could only wail
In bitter tears its pain,
For well she knew naught could avail
To bring him back again.

But look! a hand is laid upon the bier,
The bearers of the dead stand still:
A sweet voice echoes in the mother's ear,
That all the pulses thrill.

In mild compassion's sweetest tone
It bids her dry her falling tears,
While a heavenly look on His features shone,
That chased at once her fears.

Then with the voice of an incarnate God,
Endowed with Heaven's supremest power,
He spoke to the pale, lifeless clod
Clad in the dread monster's dower—

Home Poems.

“ Young man, I say unto thee, arise!”
When lo! the pulseless frame,
Before the astonished waiting eyes,
Throbs with new life again.

Thrown was the covering quick aside,
That wrapped his cold form o’er;
Death had no power to still abide,
His grasp was felt no more.

While the awe-struck multitude gazed
Upon the wondrous sight,
Erect the dead sat, all unamazed,
Clothed in the living’s light.

Then spake He to those gathered near,
In that dear, familiar tone,
That fell more sweetly on the mother’s ear
Than other lips had known.

Then to her dear, parental care,
Did Jesus yield her son,
Ere the bewildered crowd were quite aware
Of the greatness that was done.

Then rang Judea’s hills and plains
With the great Messiah’s fame,
Till town, and dale, and sea’s rough main,
Re-echoed back again.

One Thing Thou Lackest.

“ONE THING THOU LACKEST.”

Once more along Judea's roads,
With girdled robe, and sandaled feet,
There passed a chosen few —
Strong in manliness, yet in
Manner mild and meek;
While at their head — like a kind
And elder brother, mingling conversed
In tender tones — the Great Master.
As forth they journeyed
The eager, curious multitude
That oft around them thronged,
Were carefully avoided;
The bustling city, the busy town
Alike were shunned for the quiet
Country and the sea-side coast.
But here His fame preceded
His loving presence,
And various the messengers sent
That demanded His merciful attention
And healing skill:
On this day there came in haste
A young man of pleasant mien,
Who knelt before His feet,
With tender, anxious look

Home Poems.

On every feature depicted;
As he in heart as well as manner
This act of homage and reverence
Sincerely paid, this query put:
"To inherit eternal life,
What, Master, must I do?"
His bended knee, his anxious gaze
Strong emphasis gave to the words
His lips there uttered;
While in those upturned eyes
The inmost thought was read
By Him, who, with mild compassion,
Looked with tender pity,
And, looking, loved
With more than earthly love —
A love which endureth beyond
Earth's transient things —
A love that first gave
All things good to man,
And for man's best good
Would sacrifice love's Creator —
For here, in the suppliant at His feet,
Before His gaze, were his inmost thoughts
spread out —
Here a beautiful type He saw
Of His dear Father's handiwork,
Nearest to those bright, shining ones He left
Around His Father's throne,
Ere His weary feet had trod

One Thing Thou Lackest.

Earth's changing pathways —
And there within those depths He read
The secret of his one cherished idol
He so carefully guarded and loved ;
And while the kneeler waited for His answer,
The Savior's gentle tone broke the solemn
 silence

With "Knowest thou the commandments?"
Then ran back the young man's thoughts
To youth's sweet, sunny days,
When, a lisping child, he knelt
To list his mother's silvery tones
Which taught him that old Mosaic Law;
So strong were they engraven on his heart
That youth's wayward scenes,
Or manhood's riper years
Could not obliterate:

Truthfully could he utter the words,
"All these things have I kept
From my youth up."

But ah! how changed was self-assurance,
And the bright hope thereon builded,
When, in firm, but loving accents, came
 these words :

"Sell what thou hast, and to the poor give
All thine earthly substance ;

Take up thy cross, and follow Me."

Then rose before him all his princely wealth,

Home Poems.

His lands, his gold, and, still more,
Among his kindred the title of greatness
His wide domain had given—
These, for which he so long had toiled,
And with loving pride beheld,
Must all yield up to purchase the eternal
right !

Pondering he lingered—
While before him stood the gentle Savior,
Calmly awaiting his decision,
As stands earth's most skillful physician
When to his patient has gone forth
His mandate, as the last alternative
To which a ray of hope can cling.
But pride, love of greatness,
His cherished wealth, seemed each possessing
A separate tongue, that clamored
Loudly for victory;
While Conscience—Mercy's angel—
In her clear, gentle tone, sweetly urged,
Pointing to Heaven and eternal bliss,
Whose wealth would forever endure,
When like dross was consumed
Earth's greatest honors.
And oh ! the grieved tone !
As aside her gentle pleadings were thrust
unheeded
From that young and ambitious heart—

One Thing Thou Lackest.

That heart that needed but this healing
remedy

Its every virtue to make whole.

And the great Physician who stood,

With love and pity mingled in His gaze,

Turned to His followers with saddened tone,

As He noted the decision

Which the young man's lips had not yet
uttered,

Saying, "How hard for them that have
riches

To enter the kingdom of Heaven."



THE ENTRANCE INTO
JERUSALEM.

From Bethany's coast a numerous throng,
At early morn, there passed along,
From Simon's feast; many guests were there,
Who drank his health, enjoyed his care:
Some who from curiosity led,
Had seen the form that once was dead,
Their hands had pressed in friendly clasp,
Ear heard response to queries asked,
Of Him who in the sepulcher cold,
Had shaken off decaying mold,
Roused by the Voice whose Omnipotence
 stirred,
And waked the life whose spirit heard,
And back to earth's probation came
That departed soul, a living flame.

Now on this beauteous, bright spring morn,
That nature did this land adorn
With azure skies, and balmy air,
Whose sunlight glistens everywhere
With a thousand forms of beauty bright,
In softened shade and sparkling light;
Bathes with hues of brightest glow

The Entrance Into Jerusalem.

The silvery brooks that murmuring flow
In gentle plains, where verdure green
Decks the vales that lay between;
In rocky heights where dashing down
Cascades wild, with rushing sound,
Scatter their wreath of rainbow spray
Like showers of pearls, in sunlight's ray.
Here blooms the fig, the almond and the
 palm,
And ripening pomegranates' scent's delicious
 balm,
While the cypress, tamarisk and oaken tree,
Wave their rich foliage o'er hill and lea;
For in this land of promised rest—
God's chosen ones' divine bequest—
Were scenes most varied, rich and rare,
That e'er had been man's lot to share.

Thus early moved this numerous train,
Of sandaled foot and bridle rein;
Though nature bloomed with radiant grace,
All eyes were turned to that meek face,
Who in their midst, with gentle mien,
A like traveler with themselves was seen;
But not a stranger was His name
In mighty deeds of wondrous fame,
For from Judea's hills and plains
Assembled were these motley trains,

Home Poems.

To hear these marvelous things
Which had been foretold by prophet kings,
As well as living, breathing proof,
That even reason could not loof.

But ere they reach the Bethpage line,
Dispatched by summons most divine,
Were two of His chosen ones—
Who with Him journeyed 'neath shade and
 suns,
Saying “Go ye into the village o’er yonder
 way,

An ass and colt there tied do stay,
Loose and bring them unto Me;
And sayest any man aught to thee,
Tell him thy Master hath a need,
And straightway he thy words will heed,
For to fulfill the prophecy old,
These must He have, the ass and foal.”
Now through the groves of stately palm,
Whose wavy branches, green and long,
Lined the way their pathway bent;
Shouts of triumph upward went,
From advancing companies, great and long,
Who hither came to join the throng,
For His fame had reached the holy gates
Of Jerusalem’s courts, where Jew awaits
The coming feast, which to celebrate
Each Jewish heart did glad elate,

The Entrance Into Jerusalem.

But seized by this resistless wave,
This coming scene their souls did crave—
This wondrous King to see and crown,
Bore every other purpose down.
Soon they came, score after score,
And olive branches multitude bore,
Who stopped to pluck from bough and tree,
For no other token could they see;
Their vibrating shouts re-echoed loud,
When near advanced the coming crowd,
For in the midst there rode the King,
Undecked by crown or signet ring,
Or costly robes of imperial state,
That well become the earthly great,
But, sitting on the beast that ne'er before
Such weight or burden then had bore,
Devoid of saddle, but loose garments flung,
By those who now His praises sung.

But soon the advancing parties met,
And welcome shouts the glad air rent,
“Hosanna to king David's son!
Hosanna to the highest One!
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the
 Lord !”
Re-echoed back, hill, vale and ford.
Then from their shoulders Bethany's courtiers
 threw
Their loosened robes from dust and dew,

Home Poems.

In highway path, their Lord to shield,
And royal carpet thus to yield;
While Jerusalem's throng their branches
 throw,
To yield them homage as they go,
And each with each in token vie,
To greet with word or look of eye;
And in the rapture that the moment lent,
Ne'er forgot was their first intent,
For the exaltation hour had come,
The triumphal march of God's dear Son.

But soon the wheeling band proclaim
That on will move the mighty train;
The great procession is re-formed:
Jerusalem's guests the front adorned—
Those countless strangers to her sacred
 ground,
Whose pious devotions ever found
Joy and delight in word and law,
Now this expected King doth resistless draw,
While Bethany's hosts brought up the rear
With solid flank and prolonged cheer;
While in the midst, triumphant rode
This heavenly King of earthly bode.

Round Olivet's mount they round their way
O'er deep ravines and summits gray,
Where olive trees their foliage wave,

The Entrance Into Jerusalem.

And stony rocks look bare and grave;
There bloomed the flowers, bright and rare,
Flinging their richness to the mountain air,
Where transparent clearness yields enchant-
ing view

To remotest objects — the scene bedew.
Here, from the shoulder of the sacred Mount,
The Holy City burst, as if by enchantment
out;

Here Herod's palace met their eye,
And the Holy Temple pointed high
From Mount Moriah's sacred peak,
Where Abraham did his offering make.

So grand and beauteous was the sight,
Thrilled each Jewish heart with pure delight,
And loud their acclamations rung,
As dwelt this theme upon their tongue.
Jerusalem! their nation's pride,
By tender ties so strong allied;
Her towers and walls and arches strong,
To many a sacred scene belong;
Each glade, and pool, and sparkling rill,
Their hearts with sweetest memory thrill;
The seat of kings, where many a shore,
Poured in their wealth of golden store.
And now the Messiah King was here,
Good cause had they for hearty cheer,

Home Poems.

And soon they hoped His powerful throne
Would be by every nation known.

Not so the gentle Savior viewed
The scenic grandeur that imbued;
But as the vision o'er Him swept,
With pitying tears, He sorely wept.
Her past, her present, and her future doom,
Shed o'er His soul a darkening gloom;
And as her mounts and towers rose high,
Another vision met His eye;
He saw her spurn the Holy One,
Saw the great transaction done,
Saw her in her woe and pain,
In retribution for the slain;
Saw her when the invading foe,
Had laid her pride and beauty low;
Saw and heard the anguished groan,
That in despairing grief did moan
For little ones, that death alone
Could give relief from sufferings known;
Saw manhood's pride and warrior's strength,
Strewn like the broken reed in length,
And woman's love, and pleading tears,
Repelled by scorn, by brutal ears.
Ah! could His compassionate soul refrain
From pitying tears, that fell like rain?

Descending now the shelving path

The Entrance Into Jerusalem.

That hid from view the scene of wrath,
Gethsemane's grove stood on the right,
In all the beauty of Spring's delight;
Green were the leaves of the olive bough,
That gently waved, like incense now,
Flung to air by praying heart
That gains from nature hallowed part;
And on the left was Abraham's tomb,
Imbedded in earth's friendly womb;
Then, crossing the gentle Kedron's stream,
Where sparkling waters brightly gleam,
And verdant banks their rich tint lent,
To cheer the heart on sadness bent;
'Mid Kedron's valley's winding way,
Where rude declivities cheerless lay,
Midway the hill, a projecting rock —
In form a skull devoid of lock,
With black, moss-covered steeps below,
A dreary valley these do show;
In form, in desolation, and in name,
Prove that 'tis Calvary's very same;
A place of skulls, but half interred,
And bones, whose flesh wild beasts devoured,
Lay bleaching in the sun's hot ray,
Where violent death untimely lay.
Little recked the train that passed,
The great events then hurrying past;
But on they swept, with joyful march,
With steps as buoyant as the lark

Home Poems.

That alights to pluck her morning meal
On hilly side, or valley field,
Where amaranths and anemiones grow,
And hyacinths and tulips throw
Their sweet perfume o'er mount and vale,
Where winding streams their courses trail.

On Moriah's side they mounting rise;
At their approach the wild bird hies,
Or halts his gay and plummy crest
On distant tombs, where silent rest
The hallowed dust of Patriarchs old,
Where solid rock or stone enfold.
Up, up, they rise, till St. Stephen's gate,
Where guarding sentinels ever wait,
And open wide the portals throw,
To friendly ones that come or go;
Who seeing now, this Sabbath day,
Such mighty throng of plain array,
Parley not, for Jew and Greek
Loudly for admittance speak.
And curious eyes, that scan them o'er,
See many a nation pass before,
And many a garb, and many a speech,
Swell the train ere the temple reach,
And loud and long their shouts they raise,
In acclamation's strongest praise;
While astonished enemies stand aloof,
With darkened scowl, or sharp reproof,

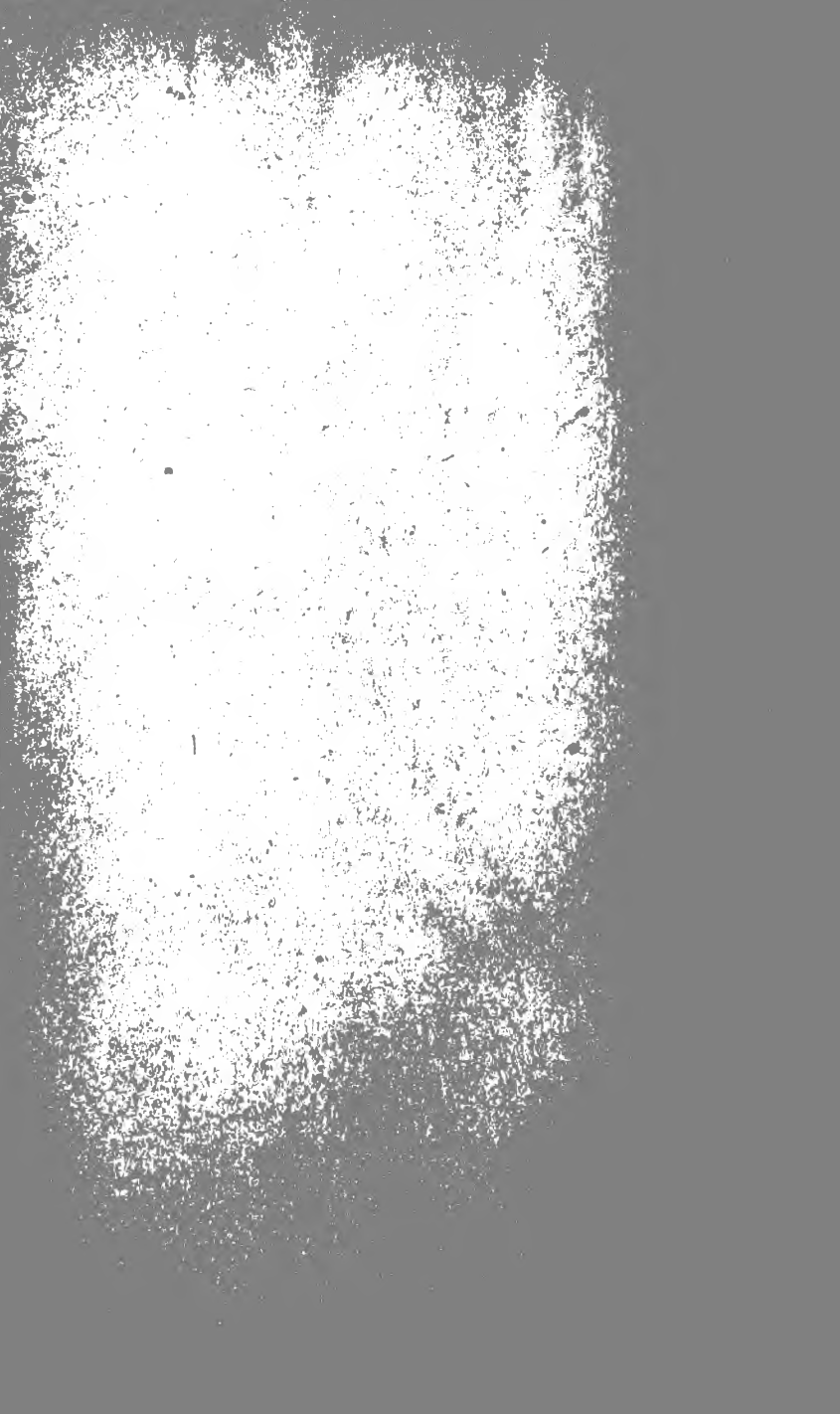
The Entrance Into Jerusalem.

Heeding not the exultant throng
Who escort this wondrous King along.

But priest and prelate all give way,
Before this Royal Sovereign's sway,
And thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
As ring those thundering bursts of praise
That rend the air, till Jerusalem's street
The echoes catch and anew repeat.

But stop! the echo dies away,
Of that vast concourse, who at the temple
entrance stay,
Or, entering, seek with anxious hearts,
To learn the truths that He imparts;
For, in that consecrated house of yore,
Spake He as ne'er spake *man* before.

THE END.



NOTES.

* ICE-BOUND.

(Page 8.)

This poem refers to the partial demolition of the Cleveland Water Works crib, January 23, 1875. The structure and the lives of its inmates were at one time in imminent danger of destruction by the wind and ice.

* THE POLICEMAN.

(Page 14.)

This poem refers more particularly to the hardships endured by policemen during the severe storm of October 20, 1873.

* THE AERIAL FLIGHT,

(Page 18.)

Is a partial description of the ascension and voyage of Professor King, in his balloon, "Buffalo," made from Cleveland, September 3, 1874.

Notes.

*** GOT NO MONEY,**

(Page 23,)

Was suggested by the non-payment of the Cleveland Police Force for several months, during the latter part of the year 1872, and the unpleasant pleasantries to which it gave rise.

*** THE JUVENILE THREE THOUSAND.**

(Page 27,)

This poem was written on the occasion of the singing by the children of the Cleveland Public Schools, July 5, 1876.

*** AN OLD MAN'S STORY,**

(Page 78,)

Relates an incident that occurred during the residence of the Mormons at Kirtland, Lake Co., Ohio.





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